

The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies

Sold Every Week

OCTOBER 30, 1946

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



PRICE

4d.

DARK HORSE



Flawless

Designed and built in the true Astor tradition of excellence, this world-range Radiogram with Fully Automatic Record Changer, represents the ultimate in home entertainment. Cabinet of contemporary design is executed in richly figured walnut . . . £85



** Because of unprecedented demand immediate delivery may not be possible Your Astor retailer will gladly arrange to have your name placed on the priority list.*

RADIO CORPORATION PTY. LTD. — DIVISION OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED



Dearly Beloved

By . . .

LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

"I came here to Sunday school, years ago," Kathy said. "I wanted to see it again."

THE morning sun warmed the magnificent stained-glass windows, pouring an almost celestial light into the nave of the great church; the thin, crystal voices of the choir boys made a gently holy sound; the peace in the place was three-dimensional, a solid thing.

Suddenly the organist shattered the stillness with Mendelssohn's famous march, and Jonathan jumped as though he had been stabbed with a hat-pin.

Then he looked up the aisle at the grave procession bearing down upon him and he thought he was losing his mind; for the girl with the modestly downcast eyes, clinging to the arm of Mr. C. G. Harrison, his prospective father-in-law, was a girl he had never seen before in his life.

This circumstance struck Jonathan as only a little more appalling than all the other circumstances of his wedding. They had already taken the whole thing out of his hands, anyhow, these efficient strangers with their fashionable church and their golden-voiced choir.

He had not thought, however, that they would dare go so far as to change brides. That was too much. They could make this affair as grand as they liked, but he was going to marry Kathy. He turned desperately to the Bishop.

The Bishop patted his arm comfortingly. "The bride never takes part in the rehearsal, my boy," he whispered. "An old superstition. Supposed to be bad luck. Shush . . ." He turned away to watch the oncoming procession critically.

"Oh," Jonathan said. Finally he spotted Kathy in the very last pew at the back of the church, and when she smiled at him and threw him a kiss he felt better for a minute, but only a minute.

His attention was drawn again to the procession, and he saw now that the strange girl and Mr. Harrison were being preceded down the aisle by two small, but otherwise unidentified, children whose apparent duty it was to scatter rose petals in the path of the advancing bride. They progressed at a calculated, halting pace, staring about them glassily and making indefinite throwing gestures with their hands.

At last the procession reached the end of its interminable journey and, when the children had been herded to one side, Mr. Harrison soberly presented Jonathan with the strange girl. She was a pleasant, round-faced girl in a grey tailored suit, who smiled up at him a little.

"Er . . . how do you do?" Jonathan said uneasily. At once he knew he had made another mistake. The rest of the group maintained a stolid silence, the girl looked embarrassed. "An old superstition," Jonathan

thought sourly. "You never get introduced to the girl you're not going to marry at your wedding rehearsal." He stared bleakly in front of him.

"Dearly beloved . . ." began the Bishop in his mellow voice, and the thing was under way. The Bishop managed the proceedings extremely well, for it is probably a safe thing to say that nobody really knows anything about weddings except clergymen.

As a principal participant in hundreds of weddings, a clergyman is at ease in them; he has witnessed every kind of disaster that can overtake a wedding, from a lost ring to a lost bridegroom, and he knows how to deal with these things.

When it was time for the ring to appear, Jonathan watched Bill Kinsey, his best man, fish it out of his pocket and hand it over quickly, as though it were red hot. Poor Bill. He looked harried and unnerved.

Jonathan supposed his own face looked a good deal like Bill's, and, as the Bishop continued with the ceremony, hard as he tried to concentrate on it, his mind began to wander.

"Weddings are for women and bishops," he said to himself. "That's an epigram. Or perhaps: Men like to get married, but women like weddings. That's another. Or, how about: Men like to be married, but women like to get married. Oh, well. They all need polishing . . ."

"Mr. Fletcher." The Bishop interrupted this train of wool-gathering.

"Repeat after me, please." Jonathan repeated doggedly, the gracious words of the ceremony falling meaninglessly from his lips, because this whole mock ceremony was without meaning for him.

More than meaningless, he found it extremely irritating that a large number of people—all sorts of people he had never seen before—had somehow managed to take over as their own this thing he felt violently belonged only to Kathy and himself.

They were the ones who had fallen in love and wanted to get married, weren't they? It was their wedding, wasn't it? It wasn't supposed to be a Christmas pageant; it wasn't . . .

"Mr. Fletcher." The Bishop sounded alarmed. "You mustn't really put the ring on her finger, you know. You don't want me to marry you to this young lady, do you?"

"Oh, no!" Jonathan almost shouted.

Finally the Bishop reached the end of the ceremony, carefully omitting the vital sentence, and looked up, smiling encouragingly round him. Instantly the group was surrounded by a swirling mass of people.

Mrs. Harrison appeared out of nowhere and began talking to the Bishop; a man from the florist's stood behind her, and a man from the photographer's stood behind the man from the florist's.

Jonathan walked unsteadily down the aisle, and nearly tripped over the two children who were still practising throwing air. Presently Kathy stood before him, looking up at him with the blue-grey eyes

which had done so much to change his life, and he suddenly felt that there was perhaps some reason left in the world, after all.

She smiled at him. "You looked very handsome up there getting married," she said. "I think I'd like to marry you myself one day."

"You're welcome to what's left of me," Jonathan sighed weakly. "If there is anything left. Let's get out of here."

She watched his face seriously. "Is it so terrible, darling?" she asked, but she answered herself. "It is, isn't it? Poor Jonathan. Let's get out into the country somewhere. We have all the afternoon."

"You mean, by ourselves?"

"Yes, of course, by ourselves." Jonathan smiled honestly for the first time all day. "Fine!" he said, "but let me get into some sports togs first."

Going across the town and into the suburbs they were silent together, finding no need for speech. The girl beside Jonathan was to him all the beauty and excitement in the world, unaccountably presented to him. It seemed to him that he had somehow managed mysteriously to trick Kathy into believing that he amounted to considerably more than he actually did.

From the corner of her eye Kathy watched Jonathan. "At least a hundred women must have wanted to marry him before he met me," she said to herself. "He's made of all the things every woman wants, all the things she tries to find and compress into one impossible person are in him. But he wants to marry me. That's funny."

Please turn to page 4

Fragrant Loveliness



48TF.5.82

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

Here's great news for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing table" bottle for Cutex... The polish that wears, gleams, and is easiest to apply. Cutex now comes in fascinating new shades. Try the newest shades... startling Black Red, and soft, pinky, At Ease! Get a bottle to-day. 2/3.



New Price!

2/3
PER
BOTTLE

Thrilling New Shades!

Sheer Natural
Lollipop
Black Red
At Ease
Saddle Brown
Honour Bright

And the old favourites—

Natural Clear
Clover
Laurel
Colorless

CUTEX
MANICURE

A.C.I.-12

At last Kathy said, "I'm sorry you hate our wedding, Jonathan."

He turned to her quickly. "Don't say that, Kathy!" His tone was shocked. "I don't hate our wedding. It's just that all that business going on there isn't really our wedding. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with us. It's turned into a big show and we're the main exhibits. While I was standing up there going through my paces I was making up some epigrams. I wonder if there's any sense in them."

He told her what they were, trying to re-phrase them so they would sound clever this time. "Men enjoy being married," he said experimentally, "but women enjoy getting married. Or: Weddings are for... are for married women."

Kathy finished.

"What?" She smiled.

"I think that's the real truth, Jonathan. The ones who have fun at weddings are women who are already married. They can make a big fuss and have a fine time because they've forgotten how frightened they were at their own weddings. Then weddings are nice for girls who aren't engaged yet, because they don't know how frightened they're going to be later on."

"Are you frightened?"

"I'm not afraid of marrying you."

"But, I mean, afraid of our wedding, of the idea of that great, brilliant, diamond-studded celebration that's being planned for us?"

For a moment Kathy looked like a little girl. "I'm scared stiff," she said.

"You are? You are! I thought you... Well, for heaven's sake, why are we doing it, then?" Jonathan's voice got more excited as he talked.

"We'll just call the whole thing off, Kathy. We'll tell them we've changed our minds. We can say we just want a small, quiet, inconspicuous wedding somewhere. It's our wedding..."

"No, darling. No, we can't. And I want to as much as you do; perhaps even more than you do," Kathy took his hand and held it tightly.

"It's what we said about weddings being for other people. Perhaps they always are. Ours is for Mother and my aunts and my sister Ellen and the bridesmaids and all their friends and all my friends; and it's for Father, too, because it makes him feel he's doing his duty as a father to give me the biggest wedding he can. They'll all have a lovely time at our wedding. It's a great day in their lives."

Jonathan exploded. "Well, what kind of a day is our wedding day supposed to be in our lives... a... gloomy Sunday, a day to forget as fast as we can?"

She squeezed his arm. "Darling," she whispered, "I'm afraid it's going to be a beast of a day."

They sat down for a while, and Jonathan pondered the complexities of life among the rich. It was too bad Mr. Harrison could afford everything. It was possible for everything to be too much.

From a long time ago, from before the war, Jonathan remembered being best man at the wedding of an old friend. In a chilly winter morning they—only half a dozen of them—had driven in a taxi to a small grey suburban church.

The ceremony had been simple and dignified in the still little church, and afterwards they had gone to the local hotel to drink champagne and wish the couple well. It had been a fine wedding, Jonathan thought. Small, inconspicuous, ideal. He told Kathy about it.

Her face lighted with a wistful smile. "It's the kind of wedding I've always dreamed of," she said, "only I'd like it in a little country church."

"That sounds nice."

"We'd love our wedding then, wouldn't we, Jonathan? We wouldn't be afraid then?"

"No."

They continued on for a while in silence. Then Kathy said suddenly, "Do you know where we are?"

He looked round. "Not exactly. Why?"

"Do you remember I told you we had a cottage there where we used to spend our holidays when I was little?"

Dearly Beloved

Continued from page 3

"Of course. As an early inhabitant you can show me the sights."

"I will," Kathy said mysteriously. They turned down a winding side road, overhung with trees, and after a few minutes a sudden turn brought them in front of a church.

It was a small grey country church, with a square tower topped by a steeple. There was a green lawn round it, bordered on two sides by flower beds. Leaning over one of these was an elderly, grey-haired man turning the earth with a trowel.

"This is where I went to Sunday school when I was ten," Kathy said softly. Then, "Oh, darling, wouldn't it be lovely? Wouldn't it be perfect?"

Jonathan looked at the little church. It made him sad to look at it. At last he sighed and said, "Yes. This would be the place all right. Just us and your family and a few people we like best; no red carpets, no fuss. No children throwing things."

They got out of the car and stood staring at the church, wishing impotently. Presently Kathy said, "Let's go in. Just for a minute."

Jonathan nodded and opened the gate and they walked up the paved path towards the church. The man rose from his flower bed to greet them, knocking the earth from his trowel against his shoe. He smiled at them expectantly, waiting for them to speak.

When they said nothing, only stared bleakly at his church, he put down his trowel and said, "I hope you didn't forget to bring the ring?"

Jonathan started. "What ring?"

"Don't you want me to marry you?" He paused, then looked suddenly horrified. "Oh, my goodness! You must forgive me. I thought you were someone else. You looked exactly like two people who wanted

"It is one of the mysterious ways of Allah to make women troublesome when he makes them beautiful."

—Bernard Shaw

to be married this afternoon in my church."

Jonathan smiled at him. "That much is true, sir," he said. "I didn't know we looked like it, but we feel like it. We'd like very much to be married in your church. Unfortunately, we can't. We're being married in town to-morrow."

The man beamed on them. "Well, my congratulations!" he said. "My name's Millet. This is my church. I'm sorry I don't look more respectable. I do sometimes."

"I came here to Sunday school," Kathy said, "years ago. I wanted to see everything again."

The Rev. Millet looked pleased. "It's very nice of you to come back. Please go wherever you like." He started to move away, then turned back.

"I wonder," he said, "We're going to have a wedding here in a little while—the young people I mistook you for. Perhaps you'd like to stay? I'm sure no one would mind."

Kathy and Jonathan looked at each other, starting to smile. "Well, we'd love it," Kathy said "but I'm afraid we'd be in the way. We wouldn't want..."

"No, it's all right," the Rev. Millet went on. "There won't be anything formal about it. The girl comes from a farm a few miles away, and the young man is just out of the Army. They'll need witnesses, anyhow. I was going to ask my sister and the girl from the post office, but perhaps you would come instead? Would you like that?"

"Thank you," Jonathan said. He felt a friendly wave of gratitude for little Mr. Millet. "We'd like it very much."

"Good!" the Rev. Millet said. "If you'll go inside, I'll clean up. I'll only be a minute." He hurried away to the vicarage which adjoined the church. Kathy and Jonathan mounted the steps.

The church was very small inside, lighted on each side by three gently

curving Gothic windows. The old wooden pews were dark and shining from long use. Kathy and Jonathan sat down in one of these, their fingers touching lightly, and looked about them at the quiet. The peace in the place infected them both, and when the Rev. Millet came back they still hadn't spoken.

The little clergyman was neat and well brushed, and inside his own church he had assumed a subtle dignity. By his side was a dark, middle-aged, weather-beaten man and in front of him he guided a boy and girl.

They were very young, and they advanced hesitantly, shyly. They were good-looking only in the sense that all youth is good-looking, with healthy, unspectacular good looks. When they glanced at each other they were so plainly, so hopelessly in love that there was something almost comic in their utter inability to mask their feelings.

The Rev. Millet introduced them all round. The girl said "How do you do?" twice with an almost identical inflection; the boy shook hands with Jonathan, looking up at him gravely from the more than four-inch discrepancy in their heights, and the older man, who stood protectively behind the girl, shook hands in silence.

The Rev. Millet led them to the altar and arranged them in a little group—the farmer beside his daughter, Jonathan to the right of the couple, standing quietly, watching the boy with benevolent interest; Kathy, to the left, kept her eyes on the girl's radiant face, smiling a little wistful smile. Then the ceremony began.

The first words had scarcely been uttered when a repressed but violent change came over the young couple.

In the girl's hands an inexpensive white prayer-book suddenly quivered violently, and when she clutched it tighter, trying to hold it still, it almost leapt out of her slippery grasp. When it came to the time for her brief responses the sound of her voice was all but inaudible.

The boy, too, had undergone a portentous metamorphosis. He swallowed a great deal, his voice had the rattling quality generally ascribed to the expiring, and his neatly creased trousers vibrated frantically about the knees.

Watching the couple with kindly indulgence from their vantage points, Kathy and Jonathan were thinking the same thoughts: You don't know how lucky you are, you two, to be getting married quietly here in this charming little church just as you want to. If you would like to have something really to tremble about, ask us.

We are connoisseurs of the wedding tremble—or will be to-morrow. We have witnessed preparations for the ultimate in wedding splendour and, like star performers on an opening night, we tremble with cause.

Suddenly the ceremony was over and the boy and girl looked at each other in wonder for a moment, trying to perceive each in the other something different, something married, and failing, and not caring that they had failed.

After signing the register everyone began to talk at once and the Rev. Millet asked them all into his little house, where he had some cider and cake ready on the kitchen table. They toasted each other back and forth, and the boy and girl laughed a lot at little things, because laughing was easy now.

Miraculously the tongue-tied young man became almost loquacious when it turned out that he and Jonathan had both served in the Middle East, and Kathy got the couple's address so that she could send them a wedding present.

Finally it was time to go. Kathy and Jonathan and the father stood on the lawn in front of the church with the Rev. Millet and waved to the couple until their taxi had turned the bend in the road and disappeared from sight. The father trudged off into the darkness and they said good-bye to the little clergyman with more regret than he had any way of knowing, and started for home.

Please turn to page 10

INSPECTOR GROGAN, assisted by SERGEANT MANNING, is investigating the murder of LIONEL HONEYMAN at "Cliffside," home of wealthy EDGAR RUTHERFORD.

Present at "Cliffside" are house guests POLLY HONEYMAN, whose divorce from Lionel was about to be made absolute; OWEN SHELTON, in love with Polly; DR. JOHNNY BARLOW and his fiancée ELISE PRESTON; FENELLA SHAW; and SUNNY ELLIOT, housekeeper.

Various complicating features have come to light, including anonymous letters written about Polly and Owen, while there is the matter of "Smith," a stranger who tried to contact Edgar before the murder, and is now badly ill with malaria on board HUGH MEDLEY'S nearby houseboat. Edgar and Hugh are keeping his presence there a secret from the police.

Meanwhile Polly is under suspicion for various actions. Frowning about when a storm comes up at night, she stumbles upon a strange scene between Sunny and TODD, the gardener.

Now read on:

MORNING had dawned at Cliffside, sunny and clean-washed by last night's rain. Inspector Grogan, plodding along the beach, surveyed the blue bay shimmering under the cloudless sky, the low scrub on the hill, and the trickle of path—a white ribbon—that threaded through it.

He said to Manning, stalking along beside him: "My word, it doesn't look too bad to-day, with no one about."

The two detectives had been nosing about the wharf and the shops again but there didn't seem to be anything further to learn down there. Grogan thought: Too many men like "Smith" had travelled on that ferry now. This was just about the period in an investigation when you had to take anything that was told you with a grain of salt.

There'd been just enough time for the locals to talk their heads off about it and make someone that didn't fill the picture at all, fill it down to the last mole.

They stepped over the flat rocks under the horn of the cliff and round on to Edgar Rutherford's private beach. Manning paused to light a cigarette.

Grogan stooped and picked up a shell. He said: "Pretty, isn't it?"

"I'm not interested in shells."

"What are the wild waves saying?" He held it up to his ear, then tossed it down again. "You ought to be, Les, you ought to have a hobby, it'd make you more human. When I was a kid I used to collect match brands. I had hundreds and hundreds of 'em. What do you make of this one?"

He held out half a spent match that he had picked up off the sand, a flat pink match from a folder. Manning glanced at it. "What are you getting at?"

Grogan turned it over in his palm and looked at it thoughtfully. "Don't know anything, something, though. Can't tell just what. Doesn't ring a bell in you, anywhere, does it?"

"No, can't say that it does."

But Grogan thought that there was something that this end of spent match should tell him, something he couldn't, just at the moment, bring to mind. Maybe he'd think of it later.

He tucked it into his waistcoat pocket, and they went up through the garden to the house.

Up in the morning-room a surprise was waiting for him.

When they went in, he pulled back the curtains and asked the blind. Then he turned to the writing-desk by the window, and there was a neatly folded square of paper with two words typed on it: "Detective Grogan."

He opened the paper and read:

"You're wasting your time looking for the stranger who was supposed to have come here on the night of the murder! Stop chasing your own tail."

THE CLIFFSIDE CASE



Grogan turned at the doorway, still holding the little case. "We'll let you have it back later," he said evenly.

Grogan handed the letter to Manning. "What did I tell you?"

Manning read it through. "Same paper, same machine. You'd think they'd be scared to write another, wouldn't you?"

"You would, too. But even if they were scared they'd have to do it again. It gets like a drug. Though if it is the housekeeper, as I'm pretty sure it is, why is she going back on what she told us the first night, when she corroborated Rutherford's story? Why is she hinting now that 'Smith' never existed?"

"Suppose she's got scared."

"Or else there's another way of looking at it. 'Smith' does exist, but she's sorry she supported Rutherford by saying she'd seen him, and she's trying to take it back."

Manning frowned. "Why is she sorry?"

"Because if she gets us to wash him out of our calculations, we can go full out on convicting someone else."

"I get you. The Honeyman woman, for instance?"

"That's about it. She hates her or she wouldn't have written the first letter."

"Why does she hate her so much?"

"That's easy. Any good-looking woman—free, white, and twenty-seven—might marry her precious nephew and turn her out."

"Why doesn't she start to claw that Shaw girl, then? Nothing wrong with her looks."

"Cousins. More like brother and sister, they are. I suppose she doesn't think Rutherford's likely to marry her." Grogan leant back,

beating a light tattoo on the table with his square fingertips.

Manning said, "You wouldn't think she'd have the nerve, though, would you, to accuse Rutherford of inventing 'Smith'. After all, Rutherford's all she's got, her lodging and her meal ticket."

"Wonder who'd have the handling of all his cash if he was doing life for murder?"

"That's an idea. If 'Smith's' a myth and Rutherford invented him it looks as though he must have had something pretty dirty to hide."

"Yes. Look, Les, go over and give Ernie a ring and see if he's printed that flower yet."

Manning got up and went out. Polly was coming across the hall as he opened the door. She went and stood just inside the morning-room, hesitating.

For Polly to take an active step, to volunteer something, was cutting right across the grain of her nature. She had spent the last hour arguing with herself about whether to tell the police what she knew. She had breakfasted in her room, tired out with the night she had passed.

But it wasn't only that she was tired. She felt she couldn't sit at meals with all these people now, every face with a mask on—including her own.

Grogan said, pulling a chair forward for her: "You want to see me, Mrs. Honeyman?"

"Yes, I do. There's something I think perhaps I ought to tell you. Something that happened last night."

"Yes? Well, now, let's hear it. What happened last night?"

Polly tapped the ash from the cigarette she was smoking.

"Well," she said slowly, "last night I woke up about one o'clock and got up to close the landing window because I thought the rain would be coming in. Fenella Shaw's room is right next to that window, and I heard someone typing in there. Just for a minute it was, and then it stopped."

"I can only think whoever it was heard me, too, because when I opened the door and went in the room was empty. There was no sign of anyone. Fenella—Miss Shaw hadn't been to bed. So I thought—feeling certain I'd heard it—that whoever had been typing had hidden the machine quickly and gone out by the window and down the outside steps."

Grogan asked, as she paused: "Did you look?"

"Yes, I did, but there was no one on the little balcony or the stairs. So I locked the bedroom window and ran downstairs to see if I could surprise anyone coming in below."

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

"Smart work! We'll have to take you into the business. Did you catch anyone?"

"Well, there was no one about, but I saw a light in Todd's room, and something made me go over there. I crept up to the window and looked in. Todd was sitting at the table betting his poisoned hand, and Miss Elliot was in there with him."

Grogan nodded briskly. "That's it, I knew she wrote that letter. And this is another one that she was writing when you heard her." He tossed it across the desk to Polly.

She looked at it, read the few lines, and then lifted her eyes to his. She said slowly: "No. Miss Elliot didn't write that letter."

"What do you mean?"

"After I heard the typewriter I was almost as sure as you that it was she, and when I first caught sight of her in Todd's room I was quite sure. Then I looked closer. Ever since I'd woken up the rain had been coming down in buckets, but her dress and hair and slippers were completely dry. She hadn't walked across the garden in the rain; she must have been in Todd's room since before it started."

Grogan looked at her blankly. "Well, I'm jiggered!" he said slowly. "Can you beat it! I don't reckon we'll break that alibi in a hurry."

Polly heard the annoyance in the Inspector's tone, heard the sharpness in his voice, too, when he spoke to the policeman who came in at that moment: "Well, what is it?"

Polly got up to leave, but Grogan's hand signed to her to stay. She walked to the window and looked out on to the green cool world of the ferns.

Grogan speaking Elise's name brought her back. He had sent the constable for her, and a minute or so later Elise came in, looking as she had ever since Lionel died, as though she were ready to do battle with all comers.

She opened up with an arrogant inquiry. "What do you want?"

Grogan looked at her without speaking for a moment. Then he shot at her: "How do your fingerprints come to be on the leaves of an artificial camellia found at the spot where the murder took place?"

Polly looked up in surprise. But Elise had her answer pat. She said rudely: "No doubt, because I've been along there several times in the last week. As who hasn't! And I often wear flowers in my hair so I suppose I dropped it. Maybe that simple explanation didn't occur to you."

"No. Maybe it's too simple—or rather, too complicated. This flower wasn't worn by you, but by Mrs. Honeyman the night her husband was shot."

"Then what's it got to do with me?"

"I told you—your prints are on it."

"It's a lie, I don't believe it. I'm being victimised."

Grogan got up and stood closer to her. His tone wasn't so pleasant.

"Now, look, Miss Preston," he said, "you'll have to stop saying that. You said that before when we proved that you were having dinners and meetings with the deceased. You can't monkey about like this with the police, feeding them whatever comes into your head. Do you understand?"

Elise stepped back a pace. She understood.

"Not only are your prints on that flower," Grogan went on, "but the report I've just had from headquarters says that you'd crumpled it up and tried to tear it, the stem was twisted and one leaf broken."

She said sullenly, stubbornly: "I'm not interested. I don't care what kind of battered flowers she wore."

"Well, perhaps this'll interest you. You were down there on that seat with Honeyman, talking to him."

"Oh! . . . Elise's sultan seemed to go a sickly yellow."

Please turn to page 10

Page 5



Be attractive while you're active

— In Jantzen Sunclothes

for men and women

BUSH-WALKING — too long neglected as a glamor sport! But now Jantzen takes over and gives you shorts that slim you. And shirts so trim on you. You can climb cliffs if you want to and your Jantzen shorts stay snugly up . . . your Jantzen shirt stays snugly down. So, be attractive while you're active. Jantzen takes care of everything except the powder on your nose.

His shorts are Jantzen's, too.

His "Pacer" Shorts. For the first time he gets a really well cut pair of shorts because, at last, Jantzen is making them. High quality "Hesslein" American gabardine. Elasticized waist feature in centre back. Adjustable self-fabric belt. Tailored-in deep side pockets; fob pocket; buttoned hip pocket. Slide fastener in fly and pleated front. Medium leg length. *White, Brown, Maroon, Dark Grey, Grey, Sand.* Price . . . 48/6.

Her "Skylark" Shirt — Jantzen's Moygashel "Chelsea" crease-resisting rayon. Pleated front yoke is new style feature. Two-way collar. Pearl buttons. Detachable shoulder pads. *White, Natural, Light Blue, Maize, Grey, Green, Brick Red.* Price 42/6.

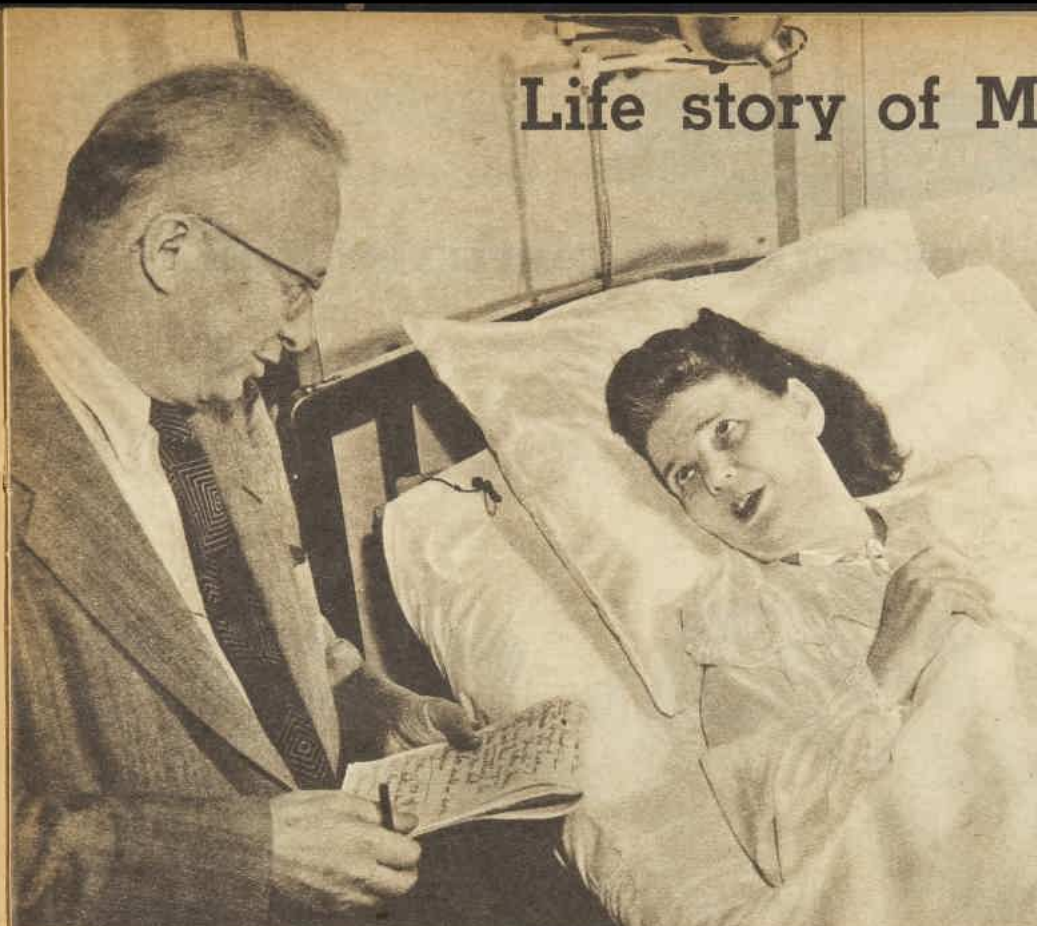
Her "Classic" Shorts. Moygashel crease-resisting rayon. Highly styled with superbly simple pleat construction. Slide fastener in placket at side with buttoned tab at waistband. Adjustable self-fabric belt. *Colors: Brown, Natural, Light Blue, Cherry, Royal, White, Light Olive, Rust Red, Maize, Grey.* Price . . . 36/9.

Jantzen

Obtainable only from retail stores

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Soviet schoolteacher jumped from Consulate window and became international news



By Oksana S. Kasenkina

MRS. OKSANA KASENKINA, in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, giving details of her girlhood in Russia to I. D. Levine, noted writer who edited the absorbing life story which begins in this issue.

MINE is the story of a Russian school teacher who faithfully and loyally performed her services throughout the thirty-one years of the existence of the Soviet rule. It is not the story of an active or secret opponent of the Soviet Government.

Before World War II it was a rare occasion indeed when a Russian schoolteacher was permitted to go abroad. Only since the end of the war, with the establishment in several foreign countries of schools for the children of the new Soviet aristocracy stationed there, were some hand-picked teachers allowed to see the outside world. Of these, but a handful were non-Communist.

I was one in perhaps 100,000 teachers in Soviet Russia to draw the lucky assignment. My unblemished record as a non-partisan citizen who had never engaged in any political activity ensured my appointment as an instructor in natural sciences in the diplomatic school in America.

I am dictating this from a sick bed in the hospital.

It is really the story of most of the teachers, of the majority of the women of my country. In fact, it is the story of my people, for I am a typical daughter of Russia.

I was one of seven sisters, and there were no boys in the family. My father, Stepan Burakov, was a master mechanic at the locomotive

works near Kamenskaya, on the South-Eastern Railroad running from Moscow to the Caucasus. He earned almost as much as an engineer.

He would test foreign locomotives when they were shipped in from Germany or the United States. Although strictly non-political, my father was a member of the railway union.

We owned our own house and led a comfortable life. My mother did have to work hard taking care of the large family. Father wanted me to become a teacher, and I gave him my promise when I was still in pigtails.

The famous Donetz Basin, where I was born and raised, was then in its boom days. This part of the country boasted both great agricultural and mineral wealth, especially coal deposits.

The villages had mushroomed into great beehives. Industrial settlements had sprung up everywhere almost overnight. Food was plentiful and cheap.

Whatever misery and poverty existed in the northern and western provinces of the vast empire, here, in the south-eastern corner of Russia, want was unknown.

Life was gay. There was toil, but there was also song.

Thrifty peasants and skilled workers could afford to give their children not only a primary but even a higher education.

My father sent me to Mazurenko's High School for Girls, a private school in which the tuition was 85 roubles (roughly £15) a year.

Kamenskaya, then a prospering community, also had a public high school where the tuition was 20 roubles (about £3) less.

But in the state school the girls wore brown uniforms, which I did not like. I preferred the green worn by Mazurenko's students.

I was a good scholar, and graduated in 1914 when I was under eighteen. I was proficient in German and poor in French. My special interest was botany.

My father had a sister in the capital who was married to a Frenchman. His name was Arbeau, and he was a teacher of French. There were many such in Russia in those days. I remember the Arbeaus visiting us.

Later they left Russia with their children and moved to France. For some time my father heard from his sister. Then we lost track of her. I was the third girl. My elder sister, Maria, was married to a well-

to-do engineer, a certain Loshakov, and lived in Batum, on the Black Sea in the Caucasus. Her husband had soda works there.

After the Soviet revolution they fled to Turkey, where Loshakov established himself in business in Ankara. For several years we heard from Maria, until news reached us of her death.

My sister Eugenia, who is now in England, came after me. She was very pretty. At the age of sixteen she went to Batum to visit Maria. There she met a British officer, Eugene Robertson, attached to the British military forces stationed in the Caucasus during World War I.

He fell in love with Eugenia, married her, and took her to England. She was very happy with him until his premature death from tuberculosis. But Eugenia became an Englishwoman.

"I'll never leave England, for I love it," she wrote home. Although widowed and childless, she would not return to Russia except as a tourist, but the Soviet Embassy refused her a visitor's visa.

Some months after I graduated from high school, I obtained the post of a grade schoolteacher in a nearby village not far from the flourishing city of Slavyansk, which then had about 30,000 inhabitants.

My salary ranged as high as 35 roubles (£6) a month.

It was in that village, during the First World War, that I met my future husband.

One of the respected members of the community was a peasant named Nikita Kasenkin. According to the classification later made by the Bolsheviks, Nikita was a *serednyak*—a farmer of the middle class.

He had a son, Demyan, who was attending the Commercial Institute in Kiev, studying mathematics and railroad engineering.

Demyan was two and a half years older than I. His studies were interrupted when he was already a senior by a call to military service. He was drafted into the Czar's army.

While at the front fighting the Germans, he was commissioned an officer. He had never attended a military school and had no idea of following a regular army career.

Demyan fell in love with me during one of his trips home on leave, and I with him. I was proud of the distinction he had won in defence of the country.

But because Demyan had answered the call to duty and attained the rank of lieutenant of the Czarist service, he was a marked man for the rest of his days.

This cast a long shadow of terror over our lives. It struck down my husband in his prime, my fledgling son in his bloom, and pursued me to America in blind vengeance.

Civil warfare

MY romance with Demyan Kasenkin thrived even during the great upheaval which shook Russia and the world to its foundations. Love has its way, even in revolution.

First came the overthrow of the Czar, and the people tasted a few months of freedom under Kerensky. Then came the Bolsheviks under Lenin and Trotsky.

Our part of the country was the theatre of the earliest and most violent civil warfare. In the adjoining Don Cossack territory the Whites first began to battle the Reds. Guerrilla bands infested the land for years.

Through it all I stuck to my post of village schoolteacher. My fiancé, Demyan, mustered out of the service, also took up teaching.

The White armies swept over our region. One day Demyan, who was known in the neighborhood as a former officer, was called to report to the local commander. He was asked why he did not join the White forces.

"You're educated, you've been an officer," he was told. "Why don't you go with us to fight the Reds?"

Continued on page 20

Why did she jump?



TERRIBLY INJURED, Mrs. Kasenkina is seen lying where she fell outside the Soviet Consulate in New York. Her life story explains why she jumped from the window.

60 seconds to loveliness

"RE-STYLE" YOUR COMPLEXION WITH A

1-Minute Mask

IT'S BEAUTY MAGIC!

*a clearer,
smoother skin —
right away!*

Now — and whenever it's important to look your very loveliest, glamorize your complexion with the instant beauty treatment that is the favorite of so many society beauties. Treat yourself to Mrs. John J. Astor's own quick beauty 'pick-up', a luxurious 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

First Step Toward A Perfect Evening

Revive your end-of-day complexion to new loveliness for your evening date! Get right after the dry, scaly, dead skin cells that make your skin seem coarse... keep powder from going on smoothly. Give yourself a Pond's 1-Minute Mask — the beauty treatment that shows *immediate, visible* results. Swirl lavish, white fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face — except eyes. Relax and leave this cool, fragrant Mask on for just one full minute.

Magic Beauty Action

With a luxurious mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream your complexion comes to life in 1 minute quick! The special "keratolytic" action of the cream loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. *Dissolves* them off! After just one minute, tissue off *clean*. See and feel the difference!

Thrilling Effect!

Thrilling!... the results you see as soon as you tissue off your 1-Minute Mask! Your face seems to light up — looks radiantly fresher and clearer. Your skin seems softer, finer — even lighter! Make-up smooths on *flawlessly* — and clings! Always — whenever you want to look your sweetest and freshest — give your complexion a quick "beauty-lift" with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



*"Ideal Complexion
Pick-up"*

Mrs. John J. Astor — prominent society beauty — gives a great deal of her time to the Musicians' Emergency Fund. Mrs. Astor says: "A 1-minute mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal complexion pick-up. It makes my skin look fresher, clearer, smoother right away."



POND'S Vanishing Cream
an Ideal Powder Base too...

For a quick and silky foundation, spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream — and leave it on. Not greasy or drying. Holds powder beautifully for hours.

Spring Makes Women Crazy

By RUTH LAMSON

HERE it is spring again, the time when the ideas people have been brooding over all winter bust loose, and heaven help you if you are the innocent bystander in a crew of geniuses at work.

Some people break out with a paintbrush, others use a piano. The little group of serious thinkers surrounding me, they take it out on typewriters.

With Dad, as always. With mother, reasonable. With Kay Chalmers, very, very surprising.

"Great Caesar!" Dad said, when I told him Kay was writing the story of her life. "She hasn't had any life yet!"

"Then she has been putting up a very good front for nineteen years," I replied with dignity.

No life yet—Ha!

Kay only ran everything from the day she entered kindergarten; she only had every boy in town crazy about her, at one time or another.

Now, disillusioned, world-weary, bitterly disappointed in love, Kay had retired from public life to write her novel.

I rated as her personal confidante, by virtue of being seventeen and sympathetic. The girls her own age were pretty snippy and I told-you-so over that Claude business, saying she couldn't hold him; and don't blame Claude, she always treated him badly.

"Kay ought to wait a while with her book," mother mused, nibbling on a paper clip, "and see if anything else is going to happen. Any girl with her looks and dash is practically certain to have something to look forward to. Anyhow, Jenny, tell us about it."

Mother always loves to hear how people were seized with the writing mania. She got hers along with the flu.

"Well," I said, proud of my information, "Kay borrowed a typewriter from her father's office, but when she tried to work, her mother or Dilly kept barging in, so she finally went out in the loft over the old carriage shed they use for a garage. Now she is utterly withdrawn from life; she writes madly all day. Don't you think it is very tragic for her to be a recluse, at her age?"

"H'm!" mother considered. "Nineteen isn't so unusual. How does she look?"

"She looks divine," I said, "of course. Yesterday

she had on that lounge suit with the skinny black pants and the shocking-pink top that has a wide studded green suede belt, and she's taken to a new hair-do—"

"Child, don't you worry any more about Kay." With the utmost complacency, my mother comfortably dismissed my dearest friend's stark anguish. I was quite shocked.

"Mother," I cried, "Kay has been publicly abandoned, left humiliated at the church, almost. She has now dedicated her life to a revealing exposition that will heap Claude with remorse. She intends to shame him into—into—"

"Into what?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I don't really know. She hasn't got that far yet." As a matter of fact, I hadn't seen a word of Kay's book.

Mother, however, was quite unimpressed, so I left her, and, taking the truck, went to visit Kay in her loft. She had it fixed with curtains

and the summer garden furniture; a low table held inviting snacks.

"Jenny!" she cried. "Oh, Jenny, how are you? It was so wonderful of you to get here at this very minute, this perfect minute! I want you to do something for me!"

That was typically Kay. No matter how bad things are, something is always wonderful. She is always experiencing a crescendo of enterprising ecstasy.

She installed me near the cheese and crackers, and walked beautifully over to her desk, gathering a lot of typewritten sheets, pondering lovingly over them. Then she whirled round, her face vivid in that gloomy attic.

"On this day," she announced, "I have made a momentous decision! You know, Jenny, it is so difficult to maintain a detached point of view towards one's work that I have just now decided to let you read this! Coming of a writing family, I thought, Oh-oh, where have I heard that before?"

"Oh, Jenny, I do value your opinion so highly. Promise me faithfully, on your word of honor, to tell me truly and unsparingly what you think."

She placed the manuscript in my hands as if she were laying a corner-stone. It looked like



"Why don't you go out and live a little before you start writing?" Ted said.

any manuscript, until I started to read, and then—oh, brother!

Kay wrote with the three-dot construction. There was absolutely no other way her stuff could have been punctuated, unless with fire-crackers. After a few pages, I glanced over at her very curiously. I flattered myself on knowing Kay pretty well, but I had never actually seen her before; at least, not with neon lighting.

Her book had everything that was ever printed completely stopped when it came to purple, palpitating prose. I looked at her typewriter, certain it would be scorched.

Claude, within my memory, was someone else altogether. Pale and toothy just about covers him. But there was a singular discrepancy between that Claude and Kay's alleged

Claude. As for the things she had him saying . . . and doing—

"Kay," I said, "are you sure this is Claude you are writing about?"

In a rather patronising voice, she said, "Naturally, one's leading character becomes somewhat idealised as one interprets him, but essentially it is the same man."

"Kay," I asked earnestly, "if Claude walked in here right now, would you recognise him?"

"Possibly," she said, and yawned. "Does it make any difference? What I want to know is this: How do you like the story? Can I write?"

Well, slam my door. Claude had disappeared like a hollow ice cube, and Kay was now in love with words, her words; a love affair people have been known to carry on for life.

I finished reading Kay's story and pulled myself together like a wobbly convalescent. For that novel, one should go in training.

Her imagination was superb, even if her memory was conspicuously unreliable and her representation of Claude screamingly libellous.

Kay was tense and waiting, her lovely face luminous in the gloom. No detours were necessary.

"This story," I let her have it with the most scrupulous veracity, "sets up an instantaneous conflagration. It is the triumph of a colorful, inventive, voluptuous imagination over the insipid facts of life in a small town. It has savvy; it moves with a shattering tempo." I drew a deep breath.

"It speaks in the transcendent language of youth's impassioned, undaunted heart, expanding with hope. And it is universal. It could happen to anyone, in the spring."

"I thought it was rather terrific, myself," Kay said, uncluttered with modesty. Her ego was showing; it had been away and she was so happy to get it back. I was so happy to help restore it.

Now she could finish the last chapter of the book and get it off her chest, and we could have a big bonfire. That would be that; because if ever it was turned loose on our community, Kay would have to go away and live on a desert island with the door locked.

Please turn to page 22

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"



My beauty facials
give skin fresh
new loveliness

says **Betty Grable**

star of
20th Century Fox's
"THAT LADY IN
ERMIINE"



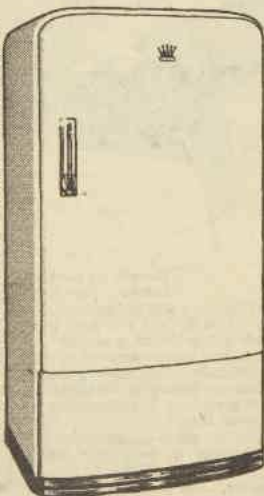
"It's wonderful the way active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap leave skin softer, smoother," Betty Grable says. "Work the rich lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash on cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh, new beauty."

The bath and
complexion care of
9 out of every 10
film stars

LT.249,VVVWZ

Look for the Frigidaire name

See the new-model Frigidaires. Make sure you see the GENUINE Frigidaire. This is it. Note well its aristocratic beauty—sign-royal of leadership! Over 8,000,000 households have chosen Frigidaire, made ONLY by General Motors. Look for the Frigidaire name on EVERY genuine Frigidaire. Two sizes—approx. 5 and 7 cubic feet—each with QUICKUBE Ice Trays (they come loose at a touch; cubes "pop out", two or a trayful) and many exclusive features and special refinements. Hire-purchase terms are available through General Motors' own finance company—G.M.A.C. Prices: Model 548L, £119; model 748, £138, including Sales Tax.



You're twice as sure with two great names

FRIGIDAIRE
made only by General Motors
GENERAL MOTORS—HOLDEN'S LTD.

Melbourne - Sydney - Brisbane - Adelaide - Perth

V10/12

Continuing... The Cliffside Case

from page 5

INSPECTOR Grogan went on forcefully. "Mrs. Honeyman dropped this flower, some time after dinner, and her husband evidently picked it up and put it in his pocket. Anyhow, his prints are on it too. Down there on the hill you and he had a quarrel, and you grabbed the flower because it was hers and tried to tear it up and throw it away."

"Talking to Honeyman—that's what made you late down at the wharf; why you missed Barlow when you'd promised to meet him."

He saw by Elise's face that he'd built it up correctly.

"Who says—" she began shrilly. "Never you mind who says. We know you missed him and both came up separately. The point is, in the argument over the flower the gun came out of his pocket, too, and that went off. I don't know who pulled the trigger, you or him, but he got killed."

Elise cried: "No, no, no, that isn't true. It isn't true at all."

"Like the trip to the Zoo wasn't and the dinner at the Clover Club, eh?"

"No—I mean—some of it's true, but—but not the rest."

"You mean, you admit to the part we've got proof of? You'll admit you were on the hill with him, and tore the flower?"

"Yes, that's true, I was there."

Polly said suddenly: "Now you've admitted that, Elise, I may as well tell that that was why I turned back just below the garden-room. I heard someone talking to him and I thought it was you. I'd been going down to—to sort of console him, and I thought to myself, thank goodness somebody else is doing the consoling instead of me!"

Grogan turned to Polly. "Oh? So you claim that's why you didn't explain this in the beginning?"

"Yes. That was why."

But Elise wasn't mollified by Polly's magnanimity. "Lucky he had someone to console him," she shot at her. "He needed it after the way you'd treated him."

Polly said quietly, "What a world of trouble Lionel's death saved you, Elise. You and Johnny."

Elise didn't take that easily. Tears began to gush out of her eyes, tears, maybe, of rage, or were they of other emotions—fear, guilt, panic?

Grogan said to Polly dryly: "Looks as though Honeyman's death saved quite a lot of people trouble."

She nodded coolly. "I'm afraid that's truer than you know, Inspector."

He didn't try to stop Elise. She was at the door, snatching at the handle, pulling and pushing at it at the same time.

When she'd gone, Polly said: "Well, she certainly wasn't the anonymous letter-writer."

"How do you make that out?"

"This passion of hers for Lionel—I didn't realise how strong it had been. She must have even played with the idea of marrying him, of throwing over Dr. Barlow. So she couldn't have wanted Lionel to come down here and find grounds for trying to stop the divorce."

"I'm not so sure about that. You know how girls like that reason. They think that the way to make a person fall out of love is to prove the other party's unfaithful."

He was standing at the desk again. Polly came and faced him

across it. "Inspector Grogan, are you really suggesting that this child shot my husband? It's impossible."

"Mrs. Honeyman, if you'd been in police work as long as I have you'd have forgotten the word 'impossible'."

"But Elise. Elise Preston, daughter of W. A. Preston!"

"That's just how it is. Some of these young people—not much more than boys and girls, spoilt from the cradle upwards—they get so that they think they're above rules and laws. This one's already had her licence endorsed twice, once for speeding while under the influence. You'd be surprised."

He went towards the door. "But don't you worry," he added. "We're not too bad at running criminals to earth." He went out.

Fenella had had breakfast brought to her room, too. She had lain back among the pillows and eaten with appetite, as though she hadn't a thing on her mind.

She was just dressed when Grogan knocked at the door. When she opened it he came straight to the point. "I understand you've got a typewriter somewhere in your room, Miss Shaw?"

"Indeed?" She left the door and walked ahead of him across the room. "Well, I suppose you wouldn't say that unless you knew it was here. And if I deny it I expect you'll start to push about among my things."

"I'm afraid that's the way of it."

Fenella knew when she was beaten. She crossed to the big wardrobe, opened it, and threw back a pile of clothing. "There you are."

Grogan went to the wardrobe. No wonder nobody knew that Fenella had a typewriter.

It could have lain around anywhere without anyone being the wiser. It was a tiny model, and the case that enclosed it was of pale blue shagreen. It might have been an expensive beauty outfit or a jewel case.

Grogan took it out and lifted the lid. He said: "My word, that's a pretty little thing. Quite a little toy. I haven't seen one like that before."

"A friend of mine brought it from America. They do know the kind of thing a woman likes over there. Even a typewriter is groomed to look glamorous."

He closed the lid again and pushed the wardrobe door shut. "Why do you keep it hidden?"

"Is it anybody's business what's in my wardrobe?"

"Yes, I'd say this is the police's business. You knew we were looking for a typewriter to trace this anonymous letter-writer. Why didn't you tell us you had this one?"

"I don't care to spy for the police." "That doesn't answer why none of your friends here knew you had this machine, or the girls that do the rooms or anything. What do you use it for?"

She leaned back in the window and said coolly, "I can answer that one. I have literary aspirations."

"You mean you write books?"

"I've just embarked on one. To try to make some money. I don't spray it abroad though, because all one's dear, kind friends will despise one if it isn't a success."

"I see. You were writing this novel last night, were you?"

She hesitated for only a fraction of a second before she said flatly: "No, I was not. I haven't opened it since I came down here last week."

"Well, someone heard a typewriter being used in this room last night." "Rubbish! Who heard it?"

"Never you mind."

"What time did this spy of yours say he heard it?"

"Round about one o'clock."

She said gaily: "Good! That takes care of me then! At eleven o'clock I went across to my cousin Edgar's room and we played cribbage for hours. I didn't come back here till half-past one. It had come on to rain and I waited with him over there till it had stopped."

Dearly Beloved

Continued from page 4

WHEN they reached the Harrison's lighted house they stood close together for a moment. Kathy's head resting on Jonathan's shoulder. Their day together was almost over now. In a few hours Jonathan was due at a bachelor's dinner and Kathy had promised this last evening to her parents.

"Well, they're lucky people," Jonathan sighed at length. "They don't know how lucky."

He looked at her, trying to think of some wild excuse for their not going to their wedding to-morrow. Presently he gave it up. "Well," he said, "now I suppose we could say, 'I'll see you in church.' That isn't very funny, is it?"

Then their eyes met for only part of a moment, but in that time there passed between them all the things they had not said, that there was no need to say, and they were in each other's arms again.

It was a beautiful day for a wedding. The great church was packed to overflowing with fashionable and well-dressed people, the choir boys sang with the voices of angels. Jonathan, impeccable in his morning clothes, stood at the altar rail awaiting his bride. He pulled at his tie from time to time and looked about him furtively.

Suddenly there was a hush, or, rather, the shuffling, coughing, breathing sound a group of human beings makes when it means to be silent, and the organ crashed into its first triumphant bars and the wedding began.

Jonathan turned to look down the aisle where Kathy was advancing on her father's arm. His heart began to thump wildly against his ribs, his hands grew clammy, his stomach withdrew into a tight knot. These things, however, were no more than he had expected, and he tried, with absolutely no success whatever, to take a philosophical view of them.

It was the same, he observed, with Kathy. The bridal bouquet she held in her hands seemed less to resemble a painstaking creation by a floral artist than it did a clump of flowers in their natural state blown by a frenzied, erratic wind.

Then, as he watched, Jonathan suddenly made an astonishing discovery. He discovered that in the

whole great church there was no one, nothing anywhere, but Kathy.

Behind him was a faint, irrelevant hum which he supposed must be the organ; in front of him was a series of moving blurs which might or might not be the children scattering rose petals; the rest, the nameless, faceless hundreds, simply were not there at all! There was only Kathy, clear and bright and lovely, moving down the aisle towards him.

Dizzily, Jonathan understood what had happened. He and Kathy had been afraid of their wedding, because it was to be an affair of grandeur and ceremony and pomp—a social event. He knew now that they had not been afraid of their wedding because it was to be a big wedding but only because it was to be their wedding.

For the fact of the matter was that here, right in the middle of it, Jonathan could not have said whether this was a big or a little or a middle-sized wedding. It was only their wedding, no one else's, and he had discovered that wedding days are frightening days because, like the days of birth and death, they are important days, and for no other reason.

How or where or when they happened made little difference; weddings were frightening anywhere, and Jonathan knew that he would have trembled in the Rev. Miller's little country church as he trembled here—not more, not less—only the same amount, because he was in love with Kathy and they were being married.

Kathy stood beside him now. When he took her hand he pressed it a little as though he might convey to her something of his discovery, but when she looked at him she smiled tenderly with her eyes, and he saw that she, too, knew now.

They stood up straight, their eyes on the Bishop. The bouquet rustled, the trousers trembled—everything was exactly as it should be—and they were ready for their wedding.

"Dearly beloved," began the Bishop in a strong voice which could be heard in every part of the church, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God . . ."

(Copyright)

Please turn to page 15

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 30, 1948

Mary Horder's Paris Notes

... lace becomes news

● Spotted net sewn edge-to-edge over royal-blue linen makes a new fabric for Piquet's dinner frock, below. Scalloped bertha is threaded with sapphire ribbon.

● Tiers of flared white cotton edged with coarse white lace form one of Piquet's loveliest summer evening frocks.

● Gossamer black lace edge-to-edge over prune taffeta with fine pleated black tulle frills at throat makes this frock by Balenciaga.

● Coarse white lace bands Marcelle Chaumon's simple green linen.

● Black coarse lace edges Balenciaga's cyclamen linen suit at left.



NO SPECIAL PRIORITY has been granted for the repairing of bomb damage in St. Paul's Cathedral, but the Cathedral staff artisans are getting on with the work. Here a workman matches up new window moulding with the old stone, following exactly the old design.



WORK on the choir vaulting was nearly completed when this picture was taken. Choir stalls were damaged when a bomb destroyed parts of the transverse arch.

Restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral

Artisans work with devoted skill to match carvings and mouldings

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Constant against the changing skies, the outline of St. Paul's Cathedral rises bold and majestic, the dominant feature of London.

The way the dome emerged from the smoke and darkness after each successive air raid on London seemed a miracle, and Londoners came to regard it as a symbol of their own endurance and faith in the future.

TWICE hit by explosive and incendiary bombs, which destroyed the high altar, the Cathedral stood triumphant over its attackers when the war ended.

Now workmen and artisans are carrying out a great scheme of restoration and repair.

Cost of this work is set at a minimum of £100,000, to which British people of all creeds and denominations are contributing.

As well, lovers of the Wren masterpiece are sending from other countries gifts to the restoration fund.

The Cathedral Surveyor, Mr. Godfrey Allen, whose skill, organising power, and resourcefulness as leader of the gallant watch of St. Paul's reduced the damage to the Cathedral from bombs and incendiaries, is now

the guiding genius behind the rebuilding.

Famous features, such as the Grinling Gibbons carvings, organ case, and part of the choir stalls, were removed to safety.

But for these precautions, the Cathedral would have suffered the loss of some of its chief glories.

The repair of the choir vaulting involved renewing the destroyed parts of the transverse arch and the adjacent saucer dome, pendentives, and coffered arch, as well as reinstating carvings and mosaics and regilding and redecorating the new work to match the old.

No priority is allowed for this work, though it is dear to the heart of every Londoner. But licences have been granted to the staff to proceed with what they can do themselves—plus a tiny complement of outside specialists.

Stonemasons, carpenters, wood



WILDFLOWERS now bloom round St. Paul's Cathedral, on the former sites of blitzed buildings.

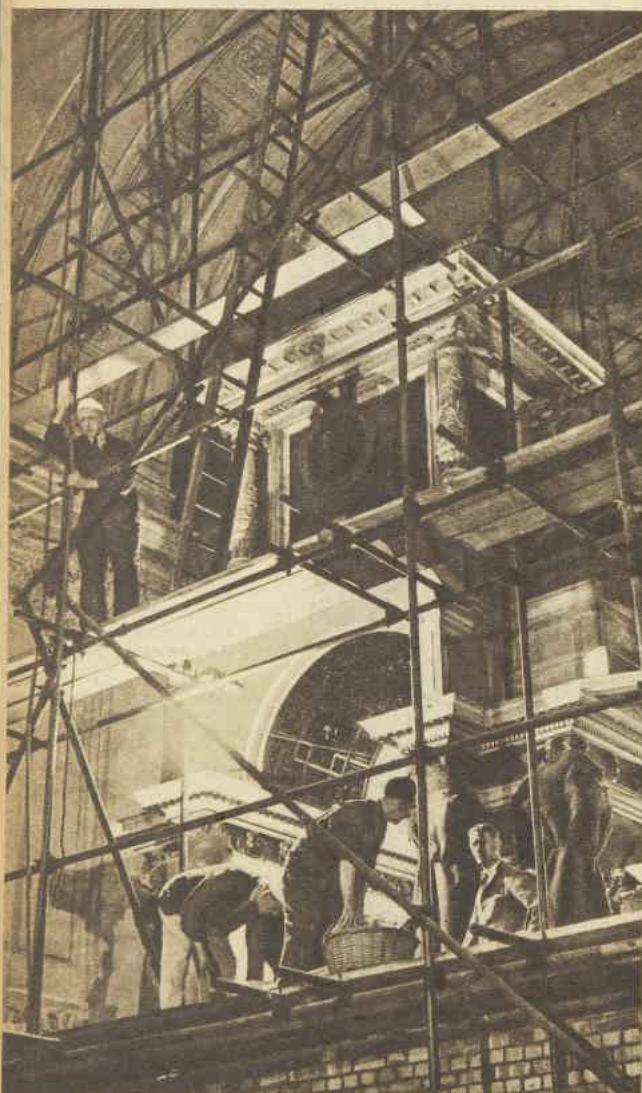
turners, they are the artists among artisans whose knowledge of church architecture is handed down from father to son.

These men, too, were the fire-watchers and civil defence workers during the war, roof-spotting on the famous dome by night and sleeping in the crypt by day.

They were on duty at the Cathedral when the bomb which fell on the north transept exploded inside so that the whole of the vaulting crashed on to the floor and through to the crypt below.

They were first to see the destruction it wreaked on the famous marble porch, and they carried away the damaged monuments.

Now the monuments are back, patched here and there, taking their places again beside the figures of Nelson and Wellington.



FAMOUS MONUMENTS in the Cathedral, which were not removed, were protected by blast walls. Here workmen are taking down the last sections of the 14th. wall which protected the Wellington monument.



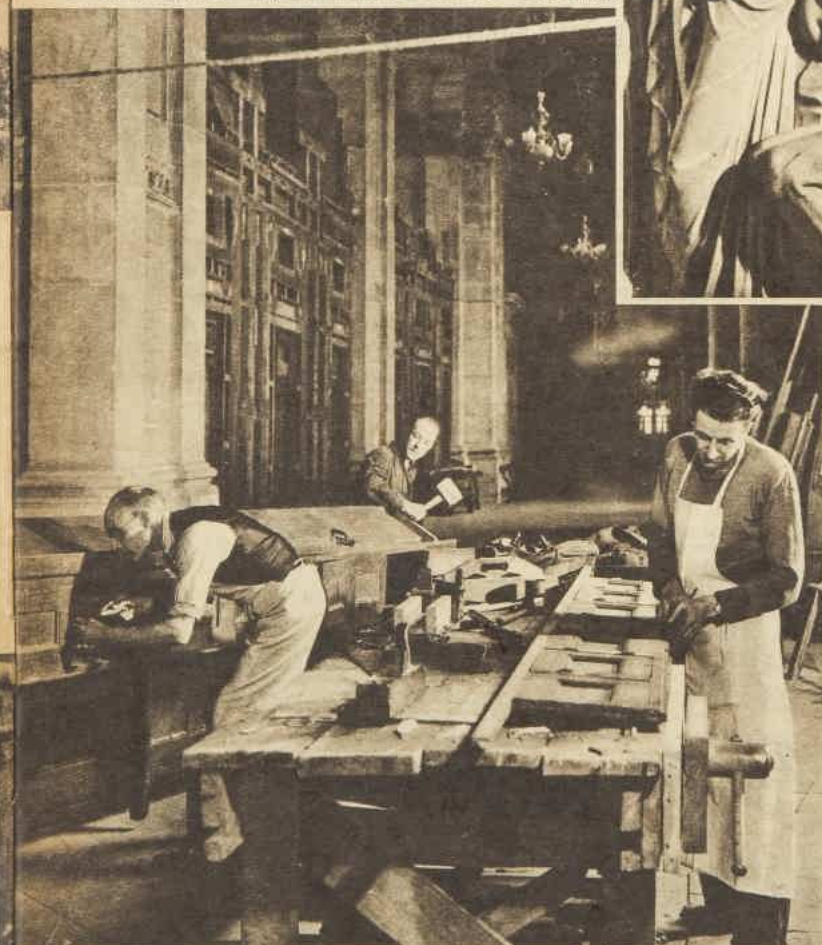
AN EXTERNAL FRIEZE takes shape under the craftsman's hands as he carefully follows out the old design on some new masonry at St. Paul's. Only a very few experts are assigned to the work in addition to the staff. Restoration of the marble porch, part of the original organ screen, is one of the biggest jobs.



NEW MASONRY is matched with old in the task of restoring damaged mouldings in the Cathedral. Men who are doing the work are nearly all on the Cathedral staff, and progress on the huge task is slow.



ABOVE: A workman cleans one of the monuments which had become blackened with wartime dust. Those left in the Cathedral for the duration were thick with grime, and cleaning them was a long job. Many valuable articles and monuments were removed to safety, including the model of Wren's second design for St. Paul's.



CARPENTERS repairing the choir stalls before re-erecting them in St. Paul's Cathedral. Men working on repairs are mainly artisans who learned their trade from their fathers. They know every piece of carving in the Cathedral, where they have worked all their lives.



LEFT: Windows on the south side of the choir, showing bomb damage. All the windows were damaged and the majority will be replaced with clear glass. Among the stained-glass windows will be the east and west, and the great windows in the north and south transepts.

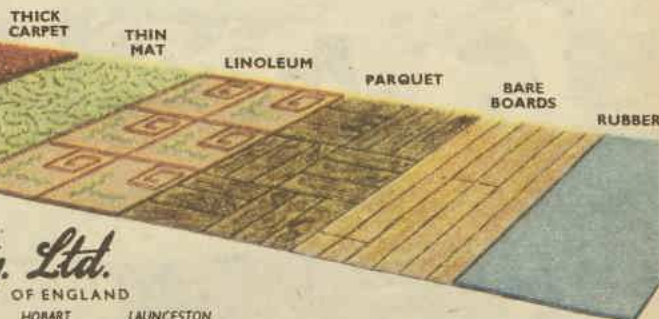
B.G.E.
presents...

The
G.E.C.
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OF ENGLAND
De Luxe
Domestic Electric Cleaner
with the
AUTO-NOZZLE
(Automatic adjusting carpet nozzle)

It's Amazing!

- British made by The General Electric Co. Ltd. of England.
- Guaranteed 12 months. Simplicity of maintenance.
- Dust bag specially designed to prevent dust falling out when bag detached from cleaner.
- Powerful suction—"Witton" motor, British made.
- Radio interference suppressor device.
- A complete home-cleaning unit (seven special attachments).
- Auto-nozzle adjusts automatically, without manual operation, for cleaning any type of floor or floor covering—an exclusive G.E.C. feature.

For use on ANY floor



Call on your nearest distributor of B.G.E.
Electric Home Helps for further details.
In the absence of a distributor the
B.G.E. Showrooms are at your service.

RETAIL PRICE £29-10-0
with complete set of
attachments.

British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

SOLE AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OF ENGLAND
SYDNEY NEWCASTLE MELBOURNE ADELAIDE BRISBANE PERTH HOBART LAUNCESTON

B.G.E.

**ELECTRIC
HOME HELPS**



**ELECTRIC
RANGE**



**SINK
HEATER**



TOASTER



**STREAMLINED
IRON**



ELECTRIC JUG



**GENALEX
"Dapper"
RADIO**

Interesting People



MR. HUGH BERESFORD

Queen's milliner

MILLINER to Queen Elizabeth, 38-year-old Mr. Hugh Beresford, formerly a designer for British films, will fly here in the new year with a collection of hats in 65 different shades, created for wear during the Royal tour. They will be mass produced, hand finished in Mr. Beresford's West End workrooms. In 1939 he formed and was president of Associated Millinery Designers of London. Says: "I don't like to see 'bread and butter' hats."



MISS DAPHNE DAVISON

plant bio-chemist

ANOTHER young Australian keeping the banner of our scientific research flying abroad is 21-year-old Miss Daphne Davison, of Sydney. She graduated M.Sc. this year, was awarded a science scholarship to Cambridge, where she is now working on plant bio-chemistry under direction of famous Professor Chibnall. Tall, brown-eyed, lively, Miss Davison represents the new, more feminine type of woman scientist.



CAPTAIN HENRY M. BURRELL
R.A.N.

Australia's new commander

FOR past two years Deputy Chief-of-Staff at Navy Office, Melbourne, Captain H. M. Burrell is new commander of H.M.A.S. Australia. Born at Wentworth Falls, N.S.W., he was naval attaché at Washington before commanding destroyers Norman and Bataan. A first-class tennis and squash player, Captain Burrell joined R.A.N. in 1918, was mentioned in despatches following landing of fleet at Madagascar, when, commanding Norman, he was also navigator for operation.

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 10

SUDDENLY she laughed, and crossed to where Grogan was standing. "I think I've got the answer to your type-writing scare—the rain. There's a drip from the spouting just outside here that sounds quite like someone typing. I've noticed it myself. Anyone might mistake it for the sound of a typewriter."

"I see." He tucked the little shagreen case under his arm and walked to the door.

She said: "Hey! Are you going to take that with you?"

"We'll let you have it back." He went out, leaving Fenella standing in the middle of the room, thoughtful, for all that she'd given such a ready account of herself.

Before she could contact Edgar—if she had been so minded—Grogan was doing so, over in the look-out, where Edgar was having a late breakfast.

Grogan came straight to the point. "What were you doing last night, Mr. Rutherford?" he demanded.

"Last night?" Edgar's brows drew together. "Why, I was just around, so far as I can remember. I played billiards through the evening with Shelton and came over and went to bed."

"You came in here alone and went to bed? That's right, is it?"

"That's right."

"Well, now, this is funny. Miss Shaw tells me she was over here with you last night till quite late."

Edgar gave a short laugh, but he didn't sound the least bit embarrassed. "That's right," he said again. "She was here."

"Why did you say you were alone, then?"

"I should have thought that was fairly obvious. Though she is my cousin, there are lots of people who'd make a scandal about a girl like that being over here till all hours."

Grogan said dryly: "You'd best not worry about scandal when there's a murder inquiry on."

"I expect you're right. Yes, I expect you're quite right. We just had a game of cards, you know, and a bit of a talk and a few drinks."

"What time did she leave you?"

Edgar said, with another short laugh: "Look, I don't know what time it was, and I'm not going to try to say. I didn't look at the time. I was sleepy and went straight to bed. If I say one o'clock and she says two you'll deduce from that we're both liars and must have shot Honeyman."

So, Grogan thought, walking up the shrub-bordered path again towards the house, that was negative. She might have been there or she mightn't have. He pushed back his hat and mopped his forehead.

He hadn't been gone more than a minute when Todd appeared in Edgar's doorway.

Todd said, jerking a thumb vaguely over his shoulder: "He wants you again."

"Who wants me?"

"Mr. Medley. I'm just settin' the blades of the mower under the fig-tree when he gives a whistle. I go down to see what's up, and he says, 'Tell the boss I want to see him.'"

Edgar swore softly under his breath. "All right, I'll go."

But Todd hung about for a minute, curiosity on his face. Why was Medley sending for the boss like this—twice in two days—when he hadn't done that once before, not all the years he'd been hangin' around Cliffside?

As Edgar rowed across the bay Medley was leaning on the rail. Edgar tied up the boat and spoke from below: "Anything up?"

"Well . . . I wouldn't definitely say he was worse, but definitely he ought to have another dose of that stuff you gave him."

"All right, I brought some." Edgar plodded up the ladder wearily, looking as though everything were against him this morning.

He asked: "Has he spoken?"

"Spoken? Yes, he said he wanted more water and asked for a blanket."

"No, I mean, said anything as to why—"

"Oh, that? No, not a word." Medley had turned the cabin into quite a little sick room. There was a white cloth of sorts on the stool by the bunk, an envelope over the glass of water, a piece of paper thumb-tacked over the top of the porthole. Even the invalid's clothes had been picked off the floor.

Edgar went up to the bunk. He said: "Hullo. Feeling better? I brought you some more atebirin."

"Smith's" eyes opened. "Thanks. That's the stuff."

"You've had a sharp attack."

"I'll say I have!"

"You can't tell me anything. I've been like this myself many times. Anything we can do for you? Ring up anyone? Your hotel or anything?"

"Smith" turned his head away as though he couldn't face up even to the thought of the smallest activity. "Let it ride, I've missed the plane . . ." Edgar had to stoop to catch the words.

The sick man seemed to stay awake only long enough to swallow the tablet Edgar gave him and the mouthful of water. Then his head fell back with a sigh.

Edgar lifted his wrist and held it a minute before he and Medley let fall again behind them the torn curtain over the doorway and stepped out into the saloon.

He said, while Medley went straight to the bottle and glasses: "He looks pretty crook."

"What do you mean? His temperature's down. Isn't that the way it should be?"

"His pulse isn't too strong."

"Well, naturally, after all that fever." He handed Edgar three fingers of whisky in a chipped glass, and took a deep swallow of his own. He said cheerfully: "He'll be all right, just wants some nourishment. I'd say. I'll give him a basin of gruel or something next time he wakes, laced with something."

"I've told you he mustn't have alcohol." Edgar was walking up and down the narrow space. "For two pins I'd get a doctor."

"What? Now, my dear fellow, don't lose your nerve."

"That's all very well. It's not our health we're monkeying with."

"But he's taken a turn for the better. He couldn't even speak to you yesterday morning."

"Maybe. I didn't say he was going to die."

"Then what have you got your tail down for?"

Edgar turned on him sharply. "And why, may I ask, have you changed front all of a sudden? Yesterday morning you were all for carting him off to hospital."

"Yesterday morning, according to my inexperienced eye, he looked quite a lot worse. Even so, you persuaded me that there was a right and logical course to take, and this morning I'm still taking it. And intend to. You're just nervy."

Edgar said irritably: "If you'd been up at Cliffside the last two days—"

"I know, I know. Have another drink. Leave this to me. I'll look after our invalid. He shall come to no harm. He shall merely be an invisible scapegoat, loaded with the sin of Honeyman's death. That's what you suggested, wasn't it?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, they have made some inquiries about him."

"Good. And when he shows the slightest sign of wanting to talk I shall send for you so you can hear what he came here to tell you."

To be continued

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2,000 to 4,000 words; articles up to 1,000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address: manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 468W, G.P.O., Sydney.

SHORTEST WAY HOME!

KANGAROO SERVICE IS THE



FLY by "Kangaroo"

service to London via the

fascinating East, on the World's most colourful

routes. Make the most of precious travel time. Enjoy

extra weeks of leisure—for business or

pleasure. See more of the world—without monotony. Return

passages guaranteed for round trip ticket-holders. For

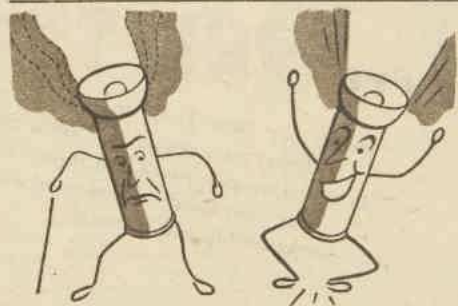
trip-planning information consult your travel agent.



Q.E.A. and B.O.A.C.

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS in parallel with
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

K10



IF YOUR FLASHLIGHT
IS ALWAYS RUNNING
DOWN—

PUT BRIGHTER LIGHT
AND LONGER LIFE
INTO IT WITH THE—



New

950

EVEREADY

**FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES**



they're **NEW**

Not only for Older Sister the NEW LOOK! It's afoot for the school-age miss, too, in new designs, that mean new foot freedom and comfort for the growing lass.



they're **SMART**

Youngest Daughter takes a pride in her shoes now—she's a young lady in these attractive designs. Yet they can stand up to tomboy play as well as any of Paddle's stoutly built children's shoes.



they're **PRE-TESTED**

Here's the New Look that keeps on looking new! Every new design in Paddle Shoes is thoroughly proved in actual wear—proved and improved, till the shoe you buy for your children is as good as a shoe can be, in design, workmanship and material.



G03. — Moccasin Buckle Bar Shoe. Gretchen Last. Sizes: 11-7. Tan and White, Patent and Croc.

G05. — Teen-age "New Look." White and Brown sling-back court. Also in Tan and Lilac. Patent and Lizard, Snake and Brown. Sizes: 2-7.

G06. — Girls' twin buckle bar shoe. Mitten last. Sizes: 11-5. Black patent, White Buck, Tan Calf.

G04. — Girls' Purty Shoe. Gretchen Last. Sizes: 9-3. White Buck, Black Patent, Tan Calf.



they're

PADDLE

shoes for the Junior Miss



An Edwardian recalls past Cup glories



MRS. EVERARD BROWNE, as Miss "Muffie" Chirnside, was dashing woman rider to hounds in the '90's. Her daughters are Mrs. Dermot Casey and Mrs. Jack Ritchie.



MELBOURNE CUP crowd. Formerly a day out for society, the Cup is now a more democratic racing fixture.

Tom Cochrane sighs for days of champagne and chaperons

Next week I am going to see my first Melbourne Cup for twenty years. But the Cup I remember most vividly is the first one I ever attended, 58 years ago.

That was the 1890 Melbourne Cup, when the "new look" was really new—the year that the first of Australia's famous horses, Carbine, carried the Cup off with 10st 5lb., the highest weight on record, against a field of 39, the biggest of all time, and in the then record time of 3 minutes, 28½ seconds.

I REMEMBER those Naughty 'Nineties as a piquant period—they were very gracious times, though.

Even Carbine demanded the utmost dignity in his presence. He was extraordinarily human.

If you called to see him in his stall and forgot to remove your hat, he'd smartly lift it off for you with a toss of his aristocratic head.

Carbine was owned by Donald Wallace—envied by all the young bloods for his beautiful horse and very beautiful wife.

Like other women of her day, Mrs. Wallace always featured her husband's racing colors in her Cup frocking—discreetly, of course.

Sometimes the colors would fly as rosettes pinned on bosoms with diamond brooches, lettered in the names of husbands' horses.

Famous colors of the period included the red and white of Mr. Septimus Miller, and the red, white, and green spots of Mr. Norman Wilson.

The Herbert Powers, renowned for their hospitality and fine horses, raced with brown and white colors. Pink and black were the colors of Sir Rupert Clarke, father of the present baronet.

He was a dashing figure. He always wore his straw hat at a Maurice Chevalier angle, and raced many winners, including Sweet Nell, named as a compliment to the reigning pin-up girl, famous actress Nellie Stewart.

Melbourne Cup Day dawned like a false Sunday in those years of grace.

It was the gentry's day out. Democracy hadn't yet been devised, and only the really well-to-do saw the great race.

Ordinary Melbourneans simply declared a public holiday, shut up shop, and lined the city streets to watch the pageantry provided by "their betters," who travelled in state to the races in landaus, victorias, and wagnettes.

Vice-Royalty could always be depended on to travel with powdered footmen, too.

Top-hatted gallants were cheered on their way by the blowing of

horns by grooms. The gallants set off from the Athenium, Savage, Bohemian, and Melbourne Clubs in Collins Street.

At Flemington they studied form, wagered fortunes, and cast flirtatious glances at heavily chaperoned lovelies while bearded little Zelman's German Band tooted out "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" and other hits of the day.

Words of all songs in the band's repertoire were printed in race books.

Women weren't allowed in the betting ring in those days, and it was a bit of a nuisance. They used to bother us to place bets for them.

Sweeps were the conventional form of punting for women. Race books contained the names of horses entered for each race on tissue-like paper with serrated divisions, so that they could be torn off, put in a hat, and drawn between events.

Shilling sweeps

I CAN still hear the excited shrieks that used to come from the low, one-tiered grandstand when sweeps were drawn. It usually cost a shilling, sometimes two, to enter a sweep.

A ten-shilling sweep was very devilish.

The vagaries of Melbourne weather brought embarrassments. Rain and cold, besides throwing a damper on the sumptuous picnic luncheon parties, with butler and footman service, had the habit of turning the primitive make-up of belles of the day a heliotrope hue.

And when the sun wickedly stepped from behind clouds to turn on a tropical half-hour or so they promptly fainted.

It was the corseting, of course. They used to be carried off to the ladies' room by the dozen.

There the Admirable Crichton of racing secretaries, Mr. F. Byron Moore, had thoughtfully provided an adequate supply of eau-de-cologne, lavender water, and smelling-salts to revive flagging spirits and appearances.

The popularity of these articles was tremendous. Eventually they

By . . .
TOM COCHRAN

. . . who will be among the racegoers at Flemington next week after an absence of 50 years.

Edwardian, evergreen Tom Hazelton Cochrane has been Australia's best-known man-about-town in Mayfair for the past two decades.

It is easy to recognise him. He is tall, with an air of courtliness, a pretty wit, and a figure of sartorial elegance.

had to be chained to the dressing-tables to deter souvenir hunters.

Mr. Byron Moore had the reputation of always being too busy to ever see a race run. Everything came under his supervision.

On one occasion he sought the help of Mr. Alfred Felton, founder of the Felton Bequest and head of the firm of Felton and Grimwade, to find out how much violet powder 30,000 women would use during the four-day race carnival. Mr. Felton said he had no idea.

"Then send me half a ton as a sample," replied Mr. Byron Moore, playing for safety.

His versatility as race club secretary was, however, sorely taxed one year when, summoned to the ladies' retiring-room just before the Cup, he was confidentially informed that a feminine racegoer was about to become a mother—at any moment.

Unfettered, Mr. Byron Moore borrowed the club's surgeon and a nurse from the jockeys' casualty room. In no time lusty cries of an infant joined the cheers of racegoers spurring their Cup fancies down the straight.

Flemington was a field day for gossip writers in the 'nineties. For instance, there was the nonchalance of Miss Minnie Gray, whose family lived in a Victorian house which still stands at the top of Collins Street.

One year Miss Gray, in the excitement of the great race, danced undone one of her many petticoats. A true aristocrat, Miss Gray never batted an eyelid, but merely stepped out of the tent-like garment round her ankles and gathered it into a neat bundle.

Brilliant balls were, of course, a feature of the Cup carnival.

I remember how well-to-do Melbourneans who were omitted from invitation lists retired to Mt. Macedon for recuperative mountain air or visited the country to "save their faces."

It would have been too humiliating to be in town and not attend Race Week functions and balls.

Ballroom decorum was relaxed after supper, when, to the great disapproval of all dowagers chaper-

ELEGANT in pin-striped trousers, morning coat, grey "topper," fine black-and-white check cravat, pearl pin, grey double-breasted waistcoat, buttonhole, gloves, and field - glasses, Tom Hazelton Cochrane is ready for the Cup.

oning unmarried women, Herr Ploek's orchestra (favorite dance band of the day) would strike up music for the Kitchen Lancers, and dashing young men would sweep breathless young ladies off their feet in a "flying angels" movement.

Cupid was greatly aided by racing club secretary Mr. Byron Moore's enterprise in forming a company to bring the first telephones to Melbourne.

Lovely gentlemen were able to call up ladies of their choice before a ball and make advance reservations on their dance programmes.

It was all very romantic and so very gracious.

I remember particularly the plumb of my cousin Bessie, the late Mrs. Walter Bayles, going to the rescue of a fainting debutante, who passed out on the dance floor at a Cup night ball at Government House.

When smelling-salts failed to revive the afflicted young lady, Bessie said, "Great Heavens! Bring me a sharp knife." In no time she cut the young lady out of her stays and she quickly recovered. Herr Ploek waved his baton, and everyone went on dancing to the Blue Danube.

Awkward moments like that were never commented on. Times certainly have changed . . .



CHATELAINE of Rupertswood, Victoria, for many years, the first Lady Rupert Clarke, afterwards the wife of Sir Philip Grey Egerton, of Cheshire. She was one of the trio of lovely Cumming sisters.

A threat to freedom

THE case of the Australian girls now working in Tokio and Washington, whose return to Australia was sought by the Minister for Immigration, Mr. Calwell, should be well pondered by every Australian.

Pressure of public opinion, expressed in vigorous outcry, caused the cancellation of the ridiculous demand in respect to the girls in Tokio, but the threat to freedom involved must not be quickly forgotten.

The Australian Women's Weekly is not concerned with party politics in reviewing this lamentable affair. It is concerned with basic human rights.

Mr. Calwell's action was an attack on the right of any enterprising woman to make her life as interesting, as successful, and as happy as her abilities allow.

Women have won their right to education and careers the hard way over the past fifty years. They believed that in democratic countries, at least, they had broken most of the barriers that used to contain them within a narrow domestic sphere.

With the end of the war, the world was open again to those who wished to make it their oyster. Women, no less than men, saw wide horizons stretched before them.

In particular, many Australian girls who had worked abroad saw and took opportunities to travel and enlarge their experience.

The "Manila girls" were conspicuous by their success — too conspicuous, apparently, since it drew the attention of Mr. Calwell to them.

The article on this page outlines the history of their case. The Australian Women's Weekly places it on record to awaken every reader to the full significance, the alarming possibilities, of Mr. Calwell's attitude.

He behaved as though these girls belonged to the Government rather than to themselves. He tried to direct their movement from one place to another as though their wishes had no relevance in the matter at all.

This is the very stuff of dictatorship. It is a threat to the first freedom of the individual—the right to run her life as she sees fit.

The women of this country must continue to insist on their freedom to go where they like, when they like. It is a freedom, a right, which we have taken for granted for generations.

Most of the worthwhile students of this country entertain hopes and dreams of saving up for a trip or of winning a scholarship or a post abroad.

Hitherto, nothing but admiration has been felt for those who, by their own ability and enterprise, worked their passage round the globe. They were vigorous types and free spirits, and many of them have added lustre to Australia's name in world centres of culture.

The Calwell policy, if ever re-born, could stifle this ambition and deny to Australia's talented youth the undoubted advantages of study and experience abroad.

The action would have been alarming enough as the work of a fanatical Minister.

But, regrettably, the Prime Minister supported him and brought the full weight of Government approval to a measure that had no approval whatever from the people.

The women of Australia, against whose liberty the attack was made, were right in resisting it strongly.

They showed they will tolerate no curtains, whether of iron or red tape, between them and the wider world which can reward their talent and industry.

Mr. Calwell's feud against Australian girls

Future historians, endeavoring to assess life under Australian democracy in the nineteen-forties, may well be puzzled by the episode of Mr. Calwell and the "Manila girls."

For the best part of three years Mr. Calwell conducted a vendetta against Australian girls working for the American forces, but as he has alternated between vitriolic outbursts and stubborn silences, no clear and logical reason for his attitude has ever emerged.

THE name "Manila girls" has come to be applied to all girls who left Australia to work for the American forces. It dates from the original stir in January, 1946, when 15 girls were flown from Brisbane to Manila by the U.S. authorities.

These girls had previously worked for the Americans in Brisbane. They had no passports or taxation clearances. The Commonwealth Government protested and the girls, within a week, were flown back to Australia.

There seemed at that time some justification for the Commonwealth Government's irritation with American action in ignoring the laws of the Commonwealth.

But there was none for the subsequent persecution of the girls themselves, who had acted in the belief that their departure was in order.

A few days after their return Mr. Calwell stated: "In no circumstances will I issue passports to any of these women who so flagrantly violated the immigration laws of this country."

"They are now back in Australia and they are back to stay. They can give up any idea they have of returning to Manila."

A few weeks later another batch of girls was issued with passports for Manila. Eventually Mr. Calwell must have softened towards the original Manila girls, because after about six months some were granted passports.

Some time before any of this storm blew up, some girls had already been given permission to work in Tokio. The following year, 1947, a number were allowed to go to Guam.

All of them were allowed to stay in peace until the beginning of this year, when Mr. Calwell began to round up his chickens.

Some of them had escaped the net by marrying Americans. Others had gone to the United States, where they had obtained other jobs.

In January Mr. Calwell insisted that all girls must come home.

U.S. co-operation

THE girls from Guam were returned with the co-operation of the U.S. authorities, but there was a slight lull in the pursuit of the others.

When Mr. Calwell returned to the attack a few weeks ago there were eight girls left in Tokio. Four were working for the Indian Embassy in Washington, one for the Pakistan Embassy, several with U.N.O.

His only stated reason for wishing to recall the girls was his insistence that the Americans had promised to repatriate them to Australia at the end of their service.

The U.S. Government had obviously interpreted this as a protection for the girls themselves—meaning that they would have their passage to Australia provided free.

But some had elected to waive that right and accept instead a passage to the United States.

These girls are all highly paid. In Tokio some are receiving salaries up to £1000 a year.

Brigadier-General Courtney Whitney is reported to have protested personally to General MacArthur when Mr. Calwell made his last move. He described his secretaries, Miss Sheila Hayes, of Sydney, and Miss Maud McKenna, of Melbourne, as his " Aussie Cabinet."

The American Red Cross asked to retain the services of Mrs. Ailsa Donald and Miss Marjorie Tonge.



MISS JEAN LAWRIE, of Melbourne, one of the four Australian girls working at the Indian Embassy in Washington.

Representations were made on behalf of the others, who include Miss Dorothea Maydom, Miss Joan Corrigan, Mrs. Jean Woods, and Miss Doreen James.

A correspondent who met them recently in Tokio said, "They are all highly efficient and intelligent. The Americans appreciate their ability, their discretion in confidential posts, and it is no wonder they were anxious to retain the girls."

Among the Australians recalled from employment in Guam was Mrs. Durward M. Garrett, formerly Cecile Tanner, of Punchbowl, N.S.W.

She had been married to a U.S. serviceman, Lieut. Durward Garrett, in Guam and cabled in vain for permission to stay.

Why Mr. Calwell should have taken this young woman away from her husband is as mysterious as his whole mysterious outlook on the rights of Australian girls.

Mrs. Garrett says that Mr. Calwell has gravely endangered the success of her marriage to U.S. Air Corps Lieutenant Durward Garrett by forcing her to return to Australia. She was married on Guam the day before she had to leave there at the beginning of the year, and has not heard from her husband since July.

She has now learned that he was transferred to Germany from Guam on September 24.

Here is her story: "I was employed by the U.S. Army in Australia, and was asked if I would continue my duties as a clerk-typist in Guam. I was offered good money, told that my transport to and from Guam would be arranged, and assured that I would not be stranded anywhere."

"Of course, I accepted. I was told that my term of employment would be for six months, but might go on indefinitely."

"I was not told of any agreement between the Australian Government and the U.S. Army. There may be one, but I do not know of it."

"My husband was navigator of the U.S. Army plane which took other girls and myself to Guam."

"We became engaged after we had known each other three months. We intended marrying either in Australia or America, so that one of us could have our parents at the wedding."



AUSTRALIAN GIRL, Cecile Garrett, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., with her husband, Lieut. Durward M. Garrett, in the Protestant Chapel, Guam, after their wedding in January last.

"However, we had to change our plans when the U.S. personnel officer called all Australian girls together and told us the Australian Government had requested our return."

"Durward suggested that if we married on Guam I would not have to return to Australia."

"I sent Mr. Calwell a reply-paid cable advising him that I intended marrying a U.S. Air Corps officer, and asking for permission to proceed to the United States with my husband."

"I sent it a fortnight before I left Guam, but I have never had a reply."

"We went ahead with our wedding plans, and were married at 9 p.m. on January 27 in the Protestant Chapel on Guam."

"I left by plane for Australia at midnight on January 28, just 27 hours after my wedding."

"As soon as I arrived in Brisbane I applied for a passport, which was all I thought I would need to return."

"I was given a passport by the Immigration authorities, but was told that I would have to have a re-entry permit from the U.S. Naval authorities before I would be allowed to go to Guam."

"Durward couldn't get down to Australia. He tried to get me a job on Guam with a civilian contracting firm, and then decided that I should go to his parents' home in Roswell, New Mexico, and wait there for him."

Place with husband

IN the last letter I had from him in July he told me that he had arranged with his Commanding Officer to send me papers necessary for my entry into the United States. They have not arrived, and until they do come I can't go to America."

"Durward is not a good correspondent, but all his letters to me were affectionate and sincere."

"I wish with all my heart that I had disobeyed Mr. Calwell's order to return to Australia."

"My place is with my husband, both in the eyes of God and the law, and Mr. Calwell had no right to order me away from Durward."

"Mr. Calwell now says he has done all he can for me, and it is up to my husband or the U.S. authorities to do the rest."

"At this stage that is an easy thing to say. But he should remember that marriage is fraught with enough difficulties for a young couple under normal circumstances. Those difficulties are doubled when married people are parted."

"Like all Australians, I was educated to a belief in freedom of lawful speech and action. I believe Australia is a free country, but does Mr. Calwell want it to be?"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their
search for the pearls leads them to the Land
of Giants, where their yacht is seen by
THE COLOSSUS: Unbelievably huge giant of

the island, who befriends them and saves their
yacht from destruction by two enemy Colossi.
Barton makes one more attempt to find the
flame pearls by descending to the bed of the
harbor. But there are no pearls there—only
danger from fierce fish. Disillusioned, the
party wave farewell to the friendly Colossus.
The trail has been lost. NOW LEAD ON:

MANDRAKE TRIES TO CHEER UP BARTON, SAYING
A NEW CLUE WILL BE FOUND SOON. MEANWHILE,
THE ARGOS THREADS ITS WAY AMONG A STRING
OF SMALL ISLANDS, KNOWN AS THE "HUNGRY ISLES."



THE LAUNCH GOES AHEAD TO MEASURE THE WATER
DEPTH. THEN, A FISHERMAN WAVES TO THEM, THE
FIRST SIGN OF LIFE IN THESE WATERS. "MAYBE
HIM TELL US STUFF," LOTHAR SUGGESTS.



MANDRAKE THANKS HIM AND RETURNS
TO THE ARGOS. THEN, THE FISHERMAN
DOES A STRANGE THING! HE RAISES
AND LOWERS HIS SAIL TWICE!



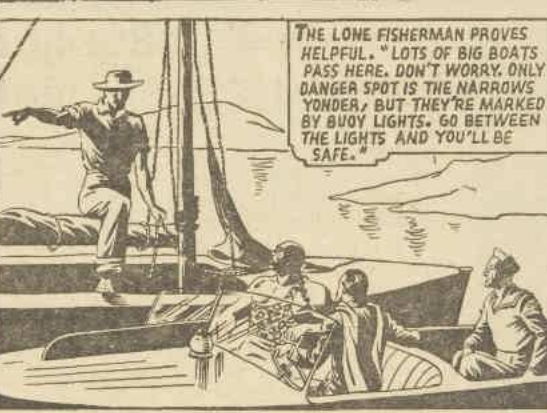
THE ARGOS HEADS FOR THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE
FLASHING BUOYS. NO ONE ABOARD DREAMS OF WHAT
LIES AHEAD IN THE "HUNGRY ISLES!"



THE ARGOS COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP. "THESE HUNGRY ISLE WATERS
ARE UNCHARTED, SHALLOW AND DANGEROUS," CAPTAIN BEEKER
EXPLAINS. "I'M SENDING A BOAT AHEAD TO MAKE SOUNDINGS."



THE LONE FISHERMAN PROVES
HELPFUL. "LOTS OF BIG BOATS
PASS HERE. DON'T WORRY. ONLY
DANGER SPOT IS THE NARROWS
YONDER, BUT THEY'RE MARKED
BY BUOY LIGHTS. GO BETWEEN
THE LIGHTS AND YOU'LL BE
SAFE."



FROM A SECLUDED COVE, THE
SIGNAL IS SEEN. THE LEADER
SMILES WITH SATISFACTION.
"A YACHT, ALL METAL. THIS
WILL BE A REAL CATCH!"



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY COVE
OF THE HUNGRY ISLES, A GANG OF
RAGGED MEN TUMBLES HURRIEDLY
INTO SMALL BOATS. . . .



TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House

EVEN the housing situation—a universal problem—can provide some amusement in a film when it is handled in a whimsical, good-humored way and spiced with touches of reality.

I recommend RKO's comedy "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," mostly because the story is in the hands of Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas, a stalwart trio if ever there was one.

The Blandings and their children are shown emerging gradually from their overcrowded city flat to a new "country mansion" with a bathroom for each one of the four bedrooms.

Rising costs, unexpected delays, and living in an uncompleted house are such matter-of-fact happenings to-day that the fellow feeling we get only gives the film a more human note.

It is hard to choose between the work of Cary Grant as Mr. Blandings, Myrna Loy as his wife, and Melvyn Douglas as their cynical lawyer friend.

All are completely at home, with all the tricks of their trade at their fingertips.

The lion's share of the action, of course, goes to Grant, who can do more by the lifting of an eyebrow than many other actors could do with a Shakespearean soliloquy.

Myrna Loy graces the overpacked city apartment just as easily as she moves about the new country home during its growing pains and final completion.

She copes with her husband and children with the charm and dry humor we have seen so often from her and which never is monotonous.

Turning over some film magazines of years ago, I recently saw pictures of Myrna Loy in the days when she played "vamp" roles.

Even allowing for the advance of camera technique, Myrna seems to be one of Hollywood's stars to whom added years only give added charm.

Melvyn Douglas has a shrewd sense of comedy, and his role in "Mr. Blandings" gives him plenty of scope to produce his best post-war film performance.

The film is at the Regent.

★ Night Has a Thousand Eyes

JUST how troublesome the alleged gift of second sight could be is shown in Paramount's drama, "Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

The discovery that he is clairvoyant brings no riches or fame to mind-reading act exponent John Triton, whose role is played in grimest minor key by Edward G. Robinson.

Although the poor little man can make fortunes for his friends, he loses everything he values of his own, and becomes a complete recluse, prone to the gravest misgivings that he is a menace to society.

Finally he saves the daughter of the woman he loved from an untimely death planned by crooks who are after her money, but he is killed himself.

Everyone, including the police, is baffled by his forecasting of the future, and the question is left in the air for audiences to decide for themselves.

I have seen Robinson in so many dramas that I wish someone would give him a comedy role just for a change—something on the lines of that superb satire on gangsters, "A Slight Case of Murder," in which he starred some years ago.

His current film is at the Victory.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 165-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 30, 1943

Page 19

Mystery, thrills, detection, romance—10 super-thrillers appear in this month's Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine—1/-.



EDUCATION IN RUSSIA. A young teacher with pupils in Aralsk, Kazakhstan.



WORKERS' CHILDREN in the kindergarten established in a Russian textile factory.

LIFE STORY OF MRS. KASENKINA: Early

Continued from page 7

Russian schools became propaganda machines of Communist ideas

DEMYAN pleaded that he was not in politics, that he wanted to continue his studies and become a professional teacher. When he flatly refused to join General Deniken's Volunteer Army, he was suspected of being a Bolshevik.

I accompanied him during the interrogation, and both of us were arrested. I was released within a day or so. Demyan was taken to Rostov. We were all afraid that he would be shot as a Red.

Demyan's father was well liked by his neighbors, whom he had always been ready to help out. Many of them now pleaded for his son.

Although bitter civil war was going on, there was still some justice and human decency in the world.

Despite the fact that we were not with the Whites, I was able to go from one ranking officer to another to fight Demyan's case.

I was even able to get an interview with the general next to the commander-in-chief himself.

"He's harmless, he's non-political, my Demyan," I argued.

Finally a commission was appointed to investigate whether Demyan had ever been a Bolshevik, and he was released after four months of imprisonment.

Shortly afterwards the White

forces of General Deniken were smashed by the Reds. Demyan had great difficulty in reaching our village, and had several narrow escapes.

I remember his homecoming. He had a fully grown beard and at first I could scarcely recognise him.

Demyan was determined to go to Moscow to continue his studies, now that the road to the capital was open. He wanted me to attend the university with him, and take special courses there.

It was a daring undertaking to move to Moscow in those chaotic days. But life in the provinces was becoming almost unbearable, what with the constant changes of the ruling powers.

Demyan and I made it, and we enrolled as students in Moscow. There we were married in the summer of 1920.

By the early spring of 1921 the three-year civil war that had ravaged the country was over. Order was being restored and virtually all of Russia was under the sway of the Soviet Government.

I was expecting a baby, and we decided that it would be better that I give birth to the child in our home village where our folks still lived.

Here, on April 15, 1921, my son was born. In those days it was still possible to have a child baptised openly, and we christened him Oleg.

Demyan and I were welcomed as teachers by the authorities in Slaviansk. I was now qualified to teach natural science. Demyan became an instructor in mathematics in the local technical high school.

There were about 2000 students in the institution, boys and girls who had flocked to it from the neighboring villages and industrial settlements.

The life of a teacher under the new regime was beset with many woes. Many of the old textbooks were banned, and there were no new ones to replace them.

The political "line" from above changed with the local commissars of education. Supplies, such as paper and pencils and ink, were frequently unobtainable.

In addition, there was the breakdown in discipline. From the extremes of the old severe school regime we now swung to almost unbridled freedom.

The children ran rampant. Many a class, in the hands of an inexperienced teacher, would turn into a riotous meeting.

Punishment was forbidden, and sometimes boisterous pupils went so far as to bolt the doors of the classroom and bar entry to the teacher.

The Bolshevik authorities were after Demyan and me to join the

Komsomol — the Young Communist League.

My father, who was attending to his duties as an inspector of locomotives, kept warning us to stay away from any and all political activity.

"Remember," he would say, "there are all kinds of people in the world, and the more you talk, the more trouble you'll get into."

With the tightening of the reins by the Soviet rulers, the Communists began to treat Demyan with suspicion. Had he not been an officer in the Czar's army?

Although he had been imprisoned by the Whites for refusing to join them, the Communists now made us suffer for not joining them.

The Communist maxim has always been, "If you're not with us, you're against us."

Until the autumn of 1922, Demyan weathered easily the petty annoyances by the local zealots. Just then I gave birth to my second child, a girl, who later died from a heart ailment.

I remember that the drive against religion was getting into full swing, and we held her christening in secret.

During this outbreak of Red terror, Demyan was saved by the chairman of the Slaviansk Soviet, who had known him from childhood and was aware that he never

Through the years he filled out scores of interminable questionnaires, each one aimed at catching the suspect in some discrepancy or mistake as compared with his previous answers.

Having once been marked, as a former commissioned officer during World War I in the Czarist Army, Demyan was a perennial quarry for the inquisitors of the Cheka, which later was renamed the G.P.U., and then the N.K.V.D.

The fact that my father was a working man whose mechanical skill was highly valued stood us in good stead.

My husband's erstwhile protector, however, the chairman of the Soviet, was removed from his post for his humaneness. Soviet officials, to keep their jobs and to rise, have to be ruthless. Whenever one of them displays consideration for his fellow-men, he does not last long.

In the schools, too, where my husband and I were teaching, the Communist terror was rearing its ugly head.

Here the young Communists of the Komsomol terrorised the teachers. Our work then was aggravated by the *besprizorny* children — the orphaned waifs left in the wake of the devastating famine of 1921-22.

The revolution, the civil war, the epidemics, and then the famine had

successfully produced their crops of *besprizorny*. These vagabond children became a national problem, and

the bane of the teachers' lives. In age they mostly ranged from seven to sixteen.

They were constantly on the move foraging for food, begging, stealing, sometimes killing. When rounded up by the authorities they would usually run away.

Dressed in rags, ridden with disease, these wild, almost animal-like derelicts demoralised the normal children.

There were many family tragedies caused by the *besprizorny* inducing other youngsters to join their ranks. Often when a boy was punished by his parents or had some difficulty in school he would join a band of gipsy children and sometimes vanish for good.

There were girls among the waifs, too, and vice reached a new low.

The licence of the early years of the Soviet regime was stimulated by the sudden ban on all religious instruction.

The school became an adjunct of the Communist propaganda machine. The first duty of a teacher was to act as a revolutionary agitator.

Even works of famous authors which had a moral theme were prescribed from the libraries. The re-



PATRIARCH of Moscow and All the Russias, enthroned 1945. After 18 years of Soviet suppression, religion was again legalised in 1943



RUSSIAN FARM WOMEN returning from market in Rostov on the Sea of Azov. In her life story, Mrs. Kasenkina describes the collectivisation of the farms in Russia.

By Oksana S. Kasenkina

was an enemy of the Soviet regime. Now he quietly advised Demyan to get out of town.

When my husband, Demyan, was warned by the friendly chairman of the local Soviet to leave town, there was no place for us to go.

He was haled before the Cheka, as the dreaded secret police was then known, subjected to a rigorous interrogation, made to fill out an exhaustive questionnaire, but was let go.

This became part of the pattern of our life in the years to come.

Not only Demyan, but many teachers, professional people, and former merchants, the so-called bourgeois elements, were subjected to periodic interrogation or arrest.

Whenever there was a change of the commissar, and that happened often, there would be a fresh wave of Red terror. The persecution of Demyan would be renewed.

After a hard day at school, often on a half-empty stomach, he would sometimes come home with the disturbing announcement: "They called me again. I must report to-night. Will there ever be an end to this questioning?"



ADVANCED STUDENTS at a library in Moscow.

7 days of new regime



STUDENTS on main staircase of Moscow University, where Mrs. Kasenkina and her husband studied together to qualify as schoolteachers.

ligious and philosophical works of Leo Tolstoy, such as his "A Confession," were taken out of circulation.

Certain writings of the great Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko, for instance, at one time suffered a similar fate, only to be restored to official favor when the policy changed.

The life of a Soviet teacher in those days was doubly trying, for we had to go through a course of political retraining.

The idea of freedom in education was dumped overboard. Instead, we teachers had dinned into our ears Lenin's slogan: "The school, apart from life, apart from politics, is a lie, a hypocrisy."

We teachers were taught that, according to Lenin, there is no such thing as independent education, that the school system had before been a tool of capitalism and was now to be converted into a tool of Communism.

Communist Party inspectors would unexpectedly appear in the classrooms to check the teachers' adherence to the propaganda line.

There was the case of Popova, our fourth grade history teacher, who, in the presence of such an in-

spector, failed to explain Napoleon's invasion of Russia according to the new Leninist interpretation.

The inspector flew out of the room and exploded to the director: "Huh, what a lesson!"

He instituted an immediate investigation into her origin and background, and found that she was the daughter of a priest.

"Well, that explains everything," he exclaimed. "What can one expect from the daughter of a priest? She must be a counter-revolutionary!"

The slightest deviation from the plan laid down by the ruling Communist Party meant an inquisitorial scrutiny by the secret police of the past and pedigree of the instructor.

The official teaching plan called for our tying up everything, from botany to geography, with the class struggle.

The heresy hunt started many a person on the road to exile or execution.

A teacher with a near relative who had before the Soviet revolution been politically active in non-Communist, be it even Socialist or Democratic, Parties was subject to unrelenting persecution.

Although we avoided all outside

political activities, my husband and I were never sure of to-morrow.

A violent change came into our lives following the rise of Stalin to supreme power in 1928, the launching of the first Five-Year Plan, and the drive to collectivise the peasantry with fire and iron.

It was as if a second revolution had struck us all. Only distant rumblings of the struggle for power in the Kremlin between Stalin and Trotsky and other factions, after the death of Lenin, reached us.

The era of the NEP—Lenin's New Economic Policy—was abruptly ended by Stalin. We had regarded our lot as hard and oppressive during that period, but we were soon to look back upon it as the years of relative safety and ease.

In the 'twenties there had been considerable recovery from the ravages of the revolution. Houses were put in repair, farm stock was replenished, and the limited private trade permitted under the NEP filled the markets with goods.

Even if new clothes were scarce, the second-hand peddlers had a variety of garments for sale.

My mother owned two sewing machines, one of which was a hand machine, and for years our entire family was clothed by remodelling old clothes.

A man's suit or topcoat would be converted into a boy's suit, then into a skirt or jacket, then into part of a quilt or bedspread.

With the coming of Stalin's planned industrialisation campaign, the acute scarcities in everyday goods were upon us again.

Rigid rationing was introduced, and if one was fortunate enough to have a coupon for three yards of material or for a pound of sugar in a government store, the purchaser would be forced to buy some other item which was usually unwanted, but of which there was a surplus in the store.

In this manner we had to spend extra money from our meagre earnings on such articles as phonograph records when we had no phonograph, or lampshades when we had no need of them.

At the same time, with the arrival of planning, the era of pandemonium in the schools was ended. My husband and I, together with all other teachers, had to go through another period of retraining.

This time we were enrolled in the Lugansk Institute, a teachers' college in Czarist days, where we took special courses for four years.

These courses, with the exception of our attendance for two months in the summer and for periodic oral examination, were conducted by correspondence.

Although my husband was an instructor in physics and mathematics and I in natural science, our political re-education in harmony with Stalin's policies was compulsory.

Any teacher or wideawake parent will be interested in the methods which we Soviet teachers were forced to pursue.

During the first decade of Soviet rule, the educational system was based on the so-called "complex" method.

It was a grotesque distortion of the progressive idea of relating schooling to modern life, but under Russian conditions it was putting the cart before the horse. Marks and examinations were regarded as capitalist inventions.

In the teaching of botany, for instance, I had to experiment with food plants and flowers, with medicinal herbs and agricultural pests, so as to enable the students to carry the useful knowledge outside the school, to help their parents and the community.

In theory, this might be useful in a highly developed civilisation. In practice, under the primitive Russian way of life, it was a spree for the children and an ordeal for the teachers.

Discipline restored

BY the time my husband graduated from the Lugansk Institute in 1931—I got my diploma one year later—the "complex" method had been consigned to the scrapheap by Stalin's order.

Discipline was restored in the schoolroom. Instead of serving all the subjects in one educational stew, we returned to the time-honored system of teaching basic subjects separately.

Stalin's new Commissar of Education for Soviet Russia, Buharov, had come from the Red Army, where he had established the propaganda and educational networks.

Stalin, however, did not abandon Lenin's maxim that education under the Soviets is a weapon in the hands of the Soviet State.

Stalin improved upon it and made it our watchword that knowledge of the laws governing the proletarian revolution, the victory of Com-

munist, must be regarded as a compulsory branch of science.

All this went hand-in-hand with the Five-Year Plan, which, in turn, was linked with the drive to deprive the peasants of their private holdings and to force them into the *kolchoz* system—collective farms.

The vast majority of the peasants passively, and some actively, resisted the Communist campaign of expropriation and regimentation.

We teachers were ordered into shock brigades and mobilised to conduct propaganda in the villages in favor of collectivisation. On paper, this was to be accomplished by persuasion and education on a voluntary basis.

But the peasants just could not see the benefits of surrendering their strips of land and the produce of their own toil to State-managed farms run by Communist commissars.

I remember how sullen they were when we addressed them in the villages. We had been given explicit instructions to carry out. Our assignments were watched over by party officials.

Yet when we painted to the peasants the made-to-order picture of the glowing future, in which mechanised agriculture would yield plenty for all, the peasants were more than sceptical.

"The more you work, the more you produce," one of them spoke up to me. "So don't hand us that fable!"

The Government soon had to resort to violence. The secret police, reinforced by special military units, were put in charge of grain collection, as the peasants hid their crops.

The Soviet Government, sorely in need of export goods to buy machinery abroad, thus denuded the countryside of its produce.

While flamboyant posters in schools and on the streets proclaimed the approaching victory of Socialism, the struggle for bread was once more felt in every home.

A new tide of terror began to grip the land, threatening the existence of every hard-working farmer, including the family of my father-in-law, Nikita Kasenkina.

How to escape alive from the spreading scourge of the collectivisation drive was the urgent question worrying our families having relatives on the land.

Continued on page 22

DEMYAN'S father, who had farmed his field all his life, decided that there was only one way to save himself and his family. He would abandon his homestead, move to the city, and get a factory job.

This he did, and he was saved. My father's brother, also a middling farmer, did likewise, and survived the man-made storm.

The Communist offensive against private farming put a premium on the ne'er-do-well. The parasite became, under the label of proletarian, the privileged character in the village.

The thrifty peasant who had a horse, a couple of cows, a few acres of land, as was the case with my father-in-law and my uncle, was now treated as a kulak.

Originally the kulak category

comprised only the hard-fisted and unscrupulous peasants, of whom there were a handful in each community. Now the kulak classification was applied to the millions of middle-class farmers who formed the backbone of the nation's agriculture.

The collectivisation campaign wrought havoc on the country. Communist shock troops rounded up recalcitrant peasants who would not be driven into collectives, and shipped them off by the trainload to stockades, concentration camps, and Siberia. Families were mercilessly broken up, and their stock, poultry, and last food supplies taken away. Often women whose husbands or sons were deported would, out of despair, set fire to their homesteads.

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 21

Sometimes entire fields were burned by persecuted peasants during the harvest to destroy the crops and keep them out of the hands of Government grain collectors.

We knew of whole communities sent off into exile in the Don region, where peasant bands resisted with arms what they regarded as a return to serfdom.

The guilty as well as the innocent, old and young, men, women, and children, the sick and the crippled, all were herded together and loaded on to freight cars which became death-traps and carriers of disease.

These consignments of dehuman-

ised humanity filled the railroads, bound for the Arctic or the desert regions. I can still hear the piteous cries of the dispossessed, of the hungry, and of emaciated infants.

Thus came the second great famine to afflict Russia in my lifetime, a famine not of nature's making, but in consequence of the Five-year Plan.

No one will ever know exactly how many millions perished in that planned Communist offensive.

But more than once my husband and I heard the line as it was passed down from the highest Bolshevik leaders: "The collectivisation must succeed and the village capitalists be crushed, regardless of the cost in human lives."

The catastrophic disruption of the national economy, however, caused deep cracks to be opened in Stalin's iron cohort. The first major sign of the cleavage within the ranks of the ruling caste came in our own Ukraine, and in my own field.

The Commissar of Education of the Ukrainian Republic, N. A. Skrypnyk, one of Lenin's original band of revolutionists, committed suicide in July, 1933.

Skrypnyk's suicide, which reverberated throughout the Soviet Union, was an expression of his dismay over the extermination of millions of Ukrainian lives in the collectivisation drive ordered from Moscow.

This was freely rumored, for there was not much love lost between the Ukrainian nationalists and the Muscovite Russians even within the Communist ranks.

It was soon confirmed officially when Stalin's Central Committee denounced his suicide as an "unworthy act of cowardice."

Skrypnyk was berated in the Soviet Press after his death, which endeared him to many as a martyr in the cause of the people.

In these days of semi-starvation for all of us, my sister Eugenia, who lived in England, sent us food parcels on several occasions.

My father could not understand why they were not delivered, and travelled all the way to Moscow to investigate. He found that the customs duties were so exorbitant that we could not afford to redeem the parcels. Their contents were then sold at auction.

In addition, my father got into trouble when the political authorities discovered that he had a daughter abroad.

When and how had she left for England? Why was her name Robertson? These and many other questions were fired at him.

He was sternly admonished that if he were a true Soviet patriot he would have his daughter come back to Russia.

When he arrived home he warned us never to mention to anyone again that we had a relative abroad.

"We'll all perish," he added. Already, maintaining contact with foreigners made one subject to the charge of treason, punishable by death.

My sister Eugenia knew little of the atmosphere of fear surrounding us. After a lapse of time during which she had heard nothing from the family she decided to put through a telephone call from London to another sister of ours then living in Moscow.

For an ordinary Soviet citizen to be called to the central office to receive a telephone call from England is to become a person marked for seizure by the N.K.V.D.

"I have no sister in England; it must be a mistake," my Moscow sister flatly told the messenger. "I don't know any such person as Eugenia Robertson," she lied, "and never heard of her."

Those were the days of the assassination of Sergei Kirov, regarded as Stalin's right-hand man and successor, days which shook Soviet Russia from one end to the other.

There followed immense convulsions within the Red oligarchy. Communists began to devour each other, and the Bolshevik Old Guard which had established the machine of terror was now falling under its own axe wielded by Stalin.

But this was only the beginning of the Great Purge, which in time also engulfed hundreds of thousands of non-political citizens, including a multitude of teachers.

It was to swallow Demyan, my husband, and to wrench my life out of its routine.

NEXT WEEK

In next week's instalment, Mrs. Kasenkina tells the dramatic story of how the great purge struck into her home, taking her husband.

Spring Makes Women Crazy

Continued from page 9

KAY'S voice floated over to me. "Jenny," she said, "help me decide who will be the fortunate publisher."

In a strangled voice, I managed to tell her, "Kay, that will take some thought," and beat it for home.

When I drove up, who should be there but my cousin, Ted Keene, that I'd barely seen for years.

"Hello there, Jenny," he greeted me. "The minute I turn my back, you grow up."

"Same to you," I told him, "and a size larger."

The man was certainly an eye-ful. The late-afternoon sun struck sparks off his hair, and his grin would light up a cave. It appeared that he had come to spend a couple of weeks with us before starting on a job into which a redoubtable aunt had succeeded in thrusting him—reader in a publishing house in which she was financially interested.

"I just had to get myself out of the road, and quickly," he explained. "As soon as news spread round about this job, people I'd never even heard of rushed me with their novels." With a shudder, he added, "The women were the worst."

Dad and I grinned at each other, but said nothing.

Next day I took Ted with me on my shopping rounds, and we ran into Kay's father. I introduced Ted. They said how-do-you-do and shook hands; and then Mr. Chalmers remembered a small parcel in his pocket.

"Jenny," he said, "will you please leave this typewriter ribbon with Kay?"

We went out to the Chalmers place and down the drive to the carriage house. I called, "Yoo-hoo! Visitors!" and could hardly wait to see Ted bowled over by the miraculous surprise in store.

He barely cleared the low beams. Kay turned from her desk, and he stood, rooted. They both drew a sharp breath, and their glances locked like a pair of wrestlers.

Ted made a fast recovery and was all alerted to give with the charm. Then Kay moved; he saw the typewriter, and the writing.

"Have a chair?" Kay said finally. He sat down on a curly iron garden chair that was too small and cold. "Jenny didn't tell me you write," he said morosely.

"It is something recent," Kay told him, quietly superior. "Are you interested in the arts? In writing?"

"No!" It was so explosive that Kay and I both jumped. Ted raked the place with an angry gaze and said: "Look! What is a girl like you—I mean, what are you doing, shut up here? Why don't you go out and get some air and live a little, before you start writing?"

Kay tilted her eyes dangerously, and gave him No. 3, the mysterious you'll-never-know smile. "I am deeply aware of life," she said; "that is why I write about it. I wish to

interpret life in forms of the mind and, naturally, the senses."

"In my opinion," Ted said, "writing is when you tell something and let people do their own interpreting. People are a lot smarter than you think."

"And what about life?" with the rising inflection.

"Well, let's see," Ted put life through the sieve. "Life," he said, "is making a choice. You can't have everything; you choose what you want. If you choose carefully enough, you will like what you get."

"You interest me," Kay said. On another plane.

"You, for instance, want to be a writer. Many other beautiful girls want to marry and raise—uh—the standards of the country."

Kay released a trill of brittle mirth. "Really," she said. "You actually advance the outmoded thesis that marriage and a career don't mix." She surveyed him as under glass, a museum piece.

There they were, inside fifteen minutes, glaring at each other like two pairs of strange headlights. I wished they could see themselves as I saw them: healthy and handsome, and wasting their time.

Kay became more remote and dedicated. Ted got up and walked critically round the place, remarking, "I don't think much of your working conditions."

I had to do something; so I put my foot in it clear up to the neck—flinging prudence to the winds.

Please turn to page 28

Betty knows her baby will be BEAUTIFUL

BETTY KNOWS her adorable babe is going to keep that delicately soft peaches and cream loveliness. For, like her lovely mother, she is a Pears baby. Pears is so pure, so mild—you'll find it's just right for cuddly babies and lovely ladies.



WHEN BETTY WAS SIX she was a careful, loving "mother" to her dolls. And careful training taught her to use only pure mild Pears—for Pears keeps complexions fresh, naturally lovely.

See your way to loveliness through mild, transparent Pears.

Pears

Pears is the original transparent soap. It is so pure, you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.



IT WAS A STARRY NIGHT when Betty gave her heart away—and she made herself a promise always to keep her complexion lovely with gentle Pears care.



HONEYMOONING AT SURFERS' PARADISE Betty's radiant baby-smooth complexion was the talk of the beach front. And if you want loveliness to bloom in your skin don't be careless about your soap. Change now to regular skin care with pure, mild Pears. Pears keeps complexions soft and smooth... forever adorable.



PA 34, WW48

WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of a "THROBBING" headache



1 SYMPTOM OF CONSTIPATION

This is perhaps the most common of all headaches — usually throbbing and affects the brow region over the eyes. There's no need to put up with a throbbing headache. While you get at the cause, give yourself fast relief by taking just TWO Anacin tablets . . .



2 AMAZING SPEED

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less . . . throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.



3 HEADACHE GONE

Quick blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and safe relief — with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



ANACIN
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

2 bring FASTER relief from headaches and pain **CHANGE NOW**

50% WILL HAVE FALSE TEETH!

DENTISTS ESTIMATE 1 OUT OF EVERY 2 PEOPLE IN U.S.A. WILL HAVE FALSE TEETH BY THE TIME THEY ARE 50! PROTECT YOUR TEETH FROM DECAY. SEE YOUR DENTIST REGULARLY — USE KOLYNOS DAILY. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY — FRESHENS BREATH

GRASSHOPPERS CURE TOOTHACHE!

ANCIENT HEBREW PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBED GRASSHOPPERS EGGS TO CURE TOOTHACHE!

THE MODERN, EFFECTIVE

GUARD AGAINST TOOTHACHE IS KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS BUBBLES PENETRATE — SWIRL OUT DECAY-BREEDING FOOD DEPOSITS, LEAVING TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.



DO YOU KNOW?

MAN CAUGHT 'DEATH KNIFE' IN TEETH!

IN DARWIN (N.T.)

A STOCKMAN SAVED HIS LIFE BY CATCHING A THROWN KNIFE IN HIS TEETH! EXAMINED LATER THE KNIFE WAS BENT AND SHOWED TEETH MARKS!

BUTTONED UP!

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY WAS FOUND WITH BUTTONS FOR TEETH!



KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY!

BECAUSE IT IS CONCENTRATED KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE — HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM





INTERESTING WEDDING. Jim Campbell and his bride, formerly Pamela McLeod, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McLeod, of Bunna, Rowena, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants, Jim's brother, Ron Campbell; Anne Crowley, of Oreal, Merrywinebone; Pat Balcombe, and Brian Crowley. Jim is elder son of Mr. A. J. Campbell, of Rock Gedgel, Quirindi, and late Mrs. Campbell.



PARIS HAT and suit for Mrs. H. V. Ewart, wife of Dr. Ewart, when she attends session of U.N.O. General Assembly in Paris with daughter Rosalind. Their logs is equipped with earphones for following speeches.

Intimate Pottings

SOCIAL news centres on Melbourne these days and my colleague from the south reports that race carnival spirit is already apparent with many interstate and country visitors arriving for opening event in racing carnival—the Derby at Flemington this Saturday.

Governor of Victoria, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan, who have been holidaying at the K. P. Coles' lovely Palm Beach home, return to live in The Cottage, in Government House Grounds, this Sunday to be in Melbourne for Cup.

Workmen are "in residence" at Government House itself, getting ready for Royal visit, so visiting Vice-Royalty, the Governor-General, Mr. McKell, and Mrs. McKell, with daughter, Betty, will stay at the Windsor.

Governor of South Australia, Sir Willoughby Norrie, and Lady Norrie and Governor of Tasmania, Sir Hugh Binney, and Lady Binney will be entertained by friends over Cup week.

LOTS of people going over from here, Mrs. Sam Hordern will return to her home city and stay with the Clive Baillieus. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dovey are making Menzies their headquarters. At the Windsor will be Herbert Douglass and his pretty wife, Cynthia. Also Brian Crowley will make the Windsor his headquarters. Other visitors include Mr. and Mrs. O. Triggs, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Moses.



NEWLYWEDS. Mac Turnbull and his bride, formerly Dorothy Dent, at Romano's. Couple were recently married in Wollongong, where Mac's father, Rev. C. E. Turnbull, officiated at ceremony. Dorothy is only daughter of Mrs. R. G. Webster, of Rose Bay.



AT SKI CLUB'S PARTY. Barbara Granowski and her fiancé, Dr. Ted Gibson, who recently announced engagement, snapped at buffet dinner dance at Pickwick Club, when 200 members of six ski clubs attend. Barbara and Ted will marry in January.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Malcolm Davis, of New Zealand, and his pretty bride, formerly Rosalie Carter, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. M. Carter, of London, who are at present on a visit to Australia to their married daughter, Mrs. T. J. Wasson, who was Rosalie's matron of honor. Geoffrey Davis best man.

CHARMING wife of United States Ambassador, Mrs. Myron Cowen will see her first Cup. She will be guest at luncheon party given by Lady Dugan in Vice-Regal Room at Flemington. Mr. and Mrs. Cowen leave American Embassy, Canberra, and stay at the Australia over racing carnival. Daughter Sandra is guest of Sally Sauer, school-girl daughter of U.S. Military Attache, Colonel S. R. Sauer, and Mrs. Sauer, of Toorak.

FIVE charities will benefit from Heather Gell's performances of "The Blue Bird," which she will produce at the Theatre Royal next Tuesday, November 2, at 5.15 p.m. Performances will also be held on November 5, 8, 9, 11, and perhaps 12. The Sydney Day Nursery Association, the Kindergarten Union, Y.W.C.A. special appeal, the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and Food for Britain will share proceeds.



PRETTY LASS. Betty Harmston and fiancé, Dr. Tom Robertson. Betty is attached to Sydney Hospital's Pathology Department, and is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Harmston, of Wollstonecraft. Tom is resident medical officer of Sydney Hospital.

SURPRISE for friends of Judy Sayers and Chip Denniston, when they decide to marry quietly in drawing-room of Judy's parents' home at Vaucluse.

Judy, who is youngest daughter of the George Sayers, wears pussy-willow printed frock for marriage, at which she is given away by brother, Peter.

Judy's parents will give couple reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club on November 19, which will be double celebration as Judy's birthday is day before.

AFTER round of farewell parties, June Elworthy sails for New Zealand in Aorangi for visit to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Murray, of Lower Hut, Wellington, for several months. June will remain there until after Christmas, when she will return home to Sydney. June is daughter of Mrs. H. Elworthy, of Rose Bay and Gundagai.

AT cocktail party in London this Saturday, Major-General and Mrs. A. J. Boase announce the engagement of their daughter, Rosemary, to Major Gordon Hardcastle, who is first Australian Army liaison officer in England. Major-General Boase is Australian Army representative in London. Gordon is younger son of the E. Hardcastles, of Rose Bay. He has been in London three months, and will return in a destroyer which will escort the Vanguard bringing the King and Queen and Princess Margaret to Australia.

WEDDING held at the Church of the Holy Family, Lindfield, when Barbara Farncomb marries John Crumpton. Barbara's sister, Shirley, and Jean Robinson are bridesmaids. Bill Crumpton, John's brother, and Peter Walsh, of Nowra, attend the bridegroom, who is the second son of the W. E. Crumptions, of Neutral Bay.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Tom Gunn, of Melbourne, with his bride, formerly Doone Cutler, only daughter of Mrs. Cutler, of Manly, and the late Mr. A. W. Cutler, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after marriage. Doone is sister of Australian High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. Ro Cutler, V.C.

THE PALEFACE...



● In hilarious travesty on cowboy-Indian thrillers, "Painless" Peter becomes embroiled with tough two-gun-gal "Calamity" Jane (Jane Russell), who is trailing renegade band and wishes to use "Painless" as paleface bait for Indians receiving arms and ammunition unlawfully.

● Correspondence school dentist Painless Peter Potter (Bob Hope) copes with tough hombre patient in Paramount's technicolor Western "The Paleface."



● Captured by Indians (above) Painless Peter couldn't be more alarmed. Calamity Jane, also captured, at last realises she loves Peter.

● After misunderstanding, Painless visits a saloon, where he is lionised by girls, but he and Calamity meet later and are reconciled again.



MAIL ORDERS Supplied

ME 50 WW/10.—Youthfully styled for the smaller fittings, this Frook of British guaranteed fadeless Washing Cotton is made with becoming heart-shaped neckline, and panelled effect on bodice is finished with contrast trim. Skirt has unpressed pleats, and tie belt. Pretty flowered effects on summer shades of Blues, Pinks, Reds, Greens, etc. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. **15/-** Price

ME 51 WW/10.—Smartly styled for larger fittings, this cool Frook of fadeless British Printed Cambric is available in a splendid range of gay floral designs on ground shades of Greens, Pink, Blues, Red, etc. Made with becoming rever neckline, the bodice is panelled and softly gathered from yoke. Pleats in skirt-front, and tie belt. Sizes: SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price **29/-**

GRACE BROS. Pty. Ltd.
Sydney. P.O. Box No. 42 Broadway

There's no Better Toothbrush.....



**NYLEX
TOOTHBRUSH**

4545



Evan Williams
GENUINE ENGLISH Shampoos

are available again in ALL grades and Brilliantine too for all shades. At chemists, Hairdressers and Leading Stores. A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE.



1 FORCED LANDING is made on Alps by plane carrying ten passengers. Hostess Mary Johnstone (Phyllis Calvert) asks selfish singer Perami (Francis L. Sullivan) to stop playing his own records.



2 HOPING FOR RESCUE, pilot Bill Haverton (James Donald) tells Mary he loves her and discusses plans to leave plane and make for the nearest village.

BROKEN JOURNEY...

PRODUCER Sydney Box, of Gainsborough Films, decided to film a story based on the dramatic Alpine rescue of the passengers and crew of a wrecked American Dakota in November, 1946. Robert Westerby wrote the script.

Many of the shots were filmed on the Mont Blanc glacier-slope, and a wartime wrecked plane was taken to the location.

A replica of the wreck was made at the studio in England, where the film was directed by Kenneth Annakin.



3 IN IRON LUNG, paralysed passenger Barber (Grey Blake) offers batteries to assist wireless appeal for help.



4 SACRIFICE by Barber of batteries causes his death and passengers hold service after his burial beside plane.



5 NEW ATTEMPT to reach help results in accident to Haverton. Sighting ski party in valley, singer Perami shouts to attract attention but falls and loses his voice through overstraining throat muscles.



6 RESCUE is achieved through bravery of refugee passenger Romer. Mary and Haverton, with remaining survivors, are returned safely to the airport.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 13

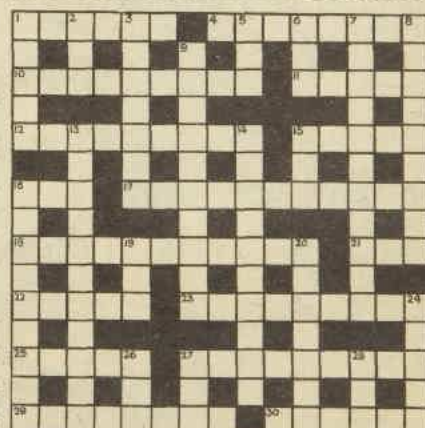
ACROSS

- Misty description of irregular waves at sea? (6)
- I am strait-laced and unsmiling! (8)
- Drawing equipment used by the men of the good ship "Stopper"? (9)
- Measure of note (5)
- A great egg scrambled (9)
- They admit more than one of the 12 across at the end (5)
- In swinging to the other extreme (3)
- A famous songster near can storm and gets the bird (11)
- Push, as in pen (anagram) (11)
- A good dip for his ribs (see 19 down) (3)
- Doctor one in a ditch (5)
- One of 25 across with one in my charge for admission to the sports arena (4, 5)
- Scottish dances (5)
- The gaap a stupid fellow made in singular trousers, the buffoon (9)
- What to do to an "en pecking" wife? (8)
- Why in Hades are five stars called this? (6)

DOWN

- For a drink in company have the same again and make an end (9)
- One of two that are desirable for a row (3)
- Part of a horse's foot is gone, Ernest (7)
- Cut as grass (3)
- Trump the heart, that's the spirit! (3)
- The acute understanding required to make up the X ratio in 19 down. Boring, isn't it? (11)
- Are you leading Parliamentarians to the wood for a grill? (4, 5)
- Grain, grain (anagram) (10)
- Gracious! Go and do up the lady birds and make Eva turn in! (4, 7)
- Praying when having a meal after a rent readjustment (10)
- Lady Black's drink, obviously (3)
- Turn up of a subordinate editor gone to the bottom of the sea (9)
- If it's a fountain it should be full of 21 across (3)
- Short school arithmetic exercise for a lamb fancier? (7)
- Moves vulgar Americans (5)
- Title of respect (3)
- Jack Horner's happier with food inside (3)
- Strange and uneven (3)

10, 25, and 22 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 13 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4884, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close November 8, prizes and solution in issue of November 27.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 9

ACROSS—1—Marzipan. 2—No vice. 3—Professor (anagram). 4—Loves (hidden). 5—Base. 6—Sassy. 7—U-nit (tin turned). 8—Two. 9—Injection. 10—1-in-glass (1-sing-las). 11—Lie. 12—Sage. 13—Pima. 14—V-ara (are turned). 15—Em-met (me turned). 16—Non-par-ell (lie turned). 17—Laying (anag.). 18—A-sot-ter (Ross a turned).

DOWN—1—Mop-pet. 2—Roo-ma. 3—I-s-m-d. 4—Ass-ass-i-nation. 5—Only. 6—In-vent-ive. 7—Electing. 8—Read-just-men-ta (at turned). 9—Tongs (anag.). 10—H-e/a-le. 11—Thim-gummy. 12—Miss-pell. 13—Pa-lid. 14—Reck. 15—Eson (note turned). 16—Sag-o (gas turned).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 9: £10 to Peter Shilton, Birmingham, Vic.; £5 to Mrs. T. Atkinson, Tatterall's Hotel, Charleville, Qld.; £5 to Mrs. I. W. Craine, 121 Hawthorn Rd., East Brighton, Sd. Vic.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 30, 1948



MARTHA VICKERS
Enchanting Starlet of WARNER BROS.

★
Beauty

*that can be
yours...
now...*

WITH

★
Starlet
THE CAPTIVATING COSMETICS FROM
COLES

PROPELLING LIPSTICK 2/11

Six enchanting shades
Exclusive imported perfume
Gleaming modern containers

COMPACT ROUGE 1/6

Exclusive perfume Lovely ivory
plastic cases

NAIL ENAMEL 1/8

High quality lustrous enamel
Brush fitted caps Non-tip plastic
boxes

CUTICLE & POLISH REMOVERS 1/5

Beauty Palette

Some of the matching colours available in
lipsticks, rouges, and nail enamels:

ORCHID HUE VISION
SHOT SILK
LIMELIGHT GAIETY
and other fashionable shades

A brilliant new range of high quality cosmetics . . . Thrilling new lipsticks, rouges, and nail enamels . . . New beauty in containers to grace your dressing table or hand-bag . . . Luxury cosmetics to give you the glamorous beauty of the Starlets.



AT COLES STORES THROUGHOUT QUEENSLAND, N.S.W. VICTORIA, TASMANIA AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA

G. J. Coles & Coy. Limited (Incorporated in Victoria)

IT'S COLES FOR COSMETICS



**Another Labour-Saver
for the Housewife**

Cellophane® Rolls

CELLULOSE FILM

They're new — cellulose film ROLLS in handy, economical 9 ft. lengths. Ask today at your favourite store for these new ROLLS of "Cellophane" film.

Cut food and leftovers keep longer and fresher when they're wrapped in film. Stored household goods keep fresh and sparkling, and you can see where they are. Gifts look twice as good and glamorous when they're cello-wrapped. There are three special kinds of rolls. See them all — get them all from your favourite store.

- Moisture-proof FOOD ROLL — Preserves Food, Flavour and Freshness — 2/9
- All-purpose HOUSEHOLD ROLL — Keeps Goods Fresh and Sparkling — 2/6
- Gay coloured GIFT ROLL — Makes your Gifts look twice as good — 2/9

ANOTHER WRIGHTCEL PRODUCT



Get extra ice-box space and prevent tainting by wrapping small things small with film from the Food Roll.

Save dish-washing by grating cheese and onions, by mixing messy foods on to film from the Household Roll.

Make gifts look gay and more personal by wrapping them your self with a length of film from the Gift Roll.

"Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Limited.

WORLD FAMOUS INSECTICIDE IS NOW STRONGER THAN EVER!



FLIT

*deals out death
to all
insects*



FLIT is sure death to all insects. FLIT contains the strongest death dealing agents known — D.D.T., Thanite and Pyrethrum. Ask for FLIT and refuse all substitutes.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE INSECTICIDE YOU CAN BUY

Spring Makes Women Crazy

Continued from page 22

TAKING a deep breath, I said, "Ted is about to become a reader for a large publishing house. He is going to read manuscripts. This is your golden opportunity, Kay."

"Really?" Kay brightened. Then, sedately, "I am sure Mr. Keene would not care to waste his time reading my novel." But, perfectly confident, she began gathering the pages.

Ted gave her the grin, both barrels. "How did you know?" he asked genially.

Kay was suspended in mid-air, momentarily speechless, but the look she gave him abashed even him. He added a modifier, "Let's be friends, instead. I wouldn't be much help to you, anyway. An inexperienced reader," he said modestly, "isn't very high."

Kay broke out, her voice hot with fury: "You will have to be higher than a kite before you ever get a chance to read this story!"

Ted swapped a long, steady level look with her. He said, "Nice to have seen you," and went out.

It was just as well I did the driving on our way home, as Ted was like something that has been left out in the sun too long—warm and dazed. We were halfway home before he said anything.

"I presume," he spoke suddenly, "she's signed up."

What's the use of going into a lot of tiresome detail? "She was," I replied, in frosty accents, "but she lost him."

"Jenny! Why didn't you tell me before?" He was deeply contrite and horrified. I let him suffer a little while, then my conscience smote me. "He married another girl," I said meekly. "Anyway, he was a drip."

Ted roared. He rocked and he yelled as if it was positively the funniest thing he ever heard. What was so funny about it?

When we reached home, he couldn't get out of that truck fast enough, and into the house, thrashing through the place, opening doors, snooping. Finally he found what he was looking for, and dashed up to mother's sanctuary.

"Aunt Pauline," he said in a burst, "could I borrow your sewing-room for someone?"

"Why—uh. Yes, I suppose so. Who is it?"

"Kay," he said, and was off like a shot. When he returned, two hours later, he had Kay and her typewriter and a suitcase. She clutched her manuscript like a threatened infant, and they weren't speaking.

Kay stormed straight upstairs to mother's room. "Mrs. Keene," she said, "do you ever have trouble making people take you seriously?"

"Just all my life," mother said. "I mean as an artist," Kay explained.

"Oh, heavenly day!" mother began, and stopped. "Kay, dear, go back to your typewriter and don't despair. If you are an artist, it is bound to show up, sooner or later."

The next week was heavy drama, with Kay and Ted in the leading roles.

The book was always there between them, a sort of Tower of Babel. Kay wouldn't give in and ask him, again, to read it. And he was stubborn.

"People have been knuckling under all her life," he said, and sighed. "I want to, but I won't. It's really tough."

Ted put in his days painting the house for Dad. But he was really waiting for Kay to emerge from the sewing-room. When she did, he was just utterly unconcerned.

Then the time came for Ted to leave. We were all careful to stay out of the living-room, so they could say their good-byes, but Kay defeated that by going outside and sitting defiantly in plain sight, wearing her flaming slacksuit, on the white garden bench.

I went upstairs, perfectly desolated, and said to mother: "There must be something we can do."

"Darling, a lot smarter people than I am have been speculating for years on the irresistible force and the immovable object." A light came. "The immovable object! It isn't immovable. Jenny," she said, "quickly!"

So I tore downstairs and did as she said.

Ted and Kay said good-bye formally, and Ted got into the car and we drove away. When Dad and I got home, Kay had gone for a long walk. After a while she returned and went straight out to the sewing-room. She was back again in a flash.

"My story!" she said. "It's gone!"

"Where did you put it?" I asked.

"On top of the sewing machine," she said.

We rallied round and searched high and low for Kay's manuscript; mother even got out from under her typewriter and looked, but we couldn't find a trace of it. There was the obvious conclusion nobody wanted to reach—that Ted had taken it.

Kay rejected this violently. "He wouldn't," she stated flatly. "He couldn't have. You don't know him," she said, "the way I do."

I went to mother's room, and we stared pop-eyed at each other, hoping we could keep up our nerve to brazen it out.

There followed three very strange days, when everything seemed to move in slow motion—especially Kay. She stopped searching, she stopped wondering; she just seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

When the big cab tore into our drive, it happened. Ted leaped out, made straight for the sewing-room.

Kay wasn't there. He shot upstairs. Kay wasn't there, either.

In the living-room, he hollered, "Where is my woman?"

From the armchair Kay said sweetly, "Right here, darling."

The force met the object, and it was better than Kay could write.

Ted said, "Any girl who writes such incandescent literature isn't safe to be left alone," so he stuck around until they had the wedding, taking time off only to make arrangements at the local airport to open a flying school. He'd been a pilot in the war.

When his aunt telephoned madly, making a fuss over the publishing house job, he told her: "Any later manuscripts would be an anticlimax," which puzzled her very much.

They had been married six months before Kay started mentioning her novel. She said she would at least like to have an outside opinion on it.

At least he could let her send it to a publisher; please, Teddy, she said. At least let her have the satisfaction of knowing for certain—

So Ted said, "All right, dear," like a good husband, and went to the bank and got it out of his safe-deposit box and gave it to her.

Kay sat down; that old look came back to her face. She began reading, Ted watching her closely. Pretty soon her face got pink spots. Then it was all pink.

From there it turned a deep, burning scarlet, and she looked everywhere until finally she looked at Ted, but quickly away again.

"Merciful heavens!" she said. "I never read anything so embarrassing in my life!" Running to the fireplace, Kay consigned her novel to the flames, and she poked at it thoroughly until every shred was burned, while Ted rolled around on the floor, hugging himself in silent joy.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR



★ To keep the beauty of shining hair . . .

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

**BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous**

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores



17 Jewelled
movements in
exclusive
modern
cases

**LAVINA
watches**

FOUNDED IN 1852
VILLERET SUISSE

Crippled for years with RHEUMATISM

Thankful Mr. J. James, of Manly, writes, "I was crippled for years with rheumatism and sciatica until I heard of RHU PILLS. The pain in my arms was so bad I couldn't lift a cup. That has all gone. I am eternally grateful that these little marvels are on the market. I recommend them to all who suffer as I did." For rheumatism, neuritis and all troubles due to excess acid, take RHU PILLS to remove the cause and encourage regularity. 1/- and 2/6 a box at all chemists. RHU PILLS tonight — tomorrow you're RIGHT.

R18-19



Dress Sense by Betty Keep

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

BLOUSES provide a price-less opportunity to ring the changes in present fashions. They can be the keynote of any ensemble, from early morning to late at night. The three sketched are in response to a request from a teen-ager whose letter appears below.

Smart trio

"**WOULD** you please design me three blouses I can take along to my dressmaker to copy? Unfortunately I have rather a long thin neck, and can wear only a high neckline. I have bought the materials, a white rayon crepe, a coin-spotted silk, and a striped cotton. I have a 'new look' skirt made in a navy-blue coarse linen, and thought if I had three entirely different blouses they would carry me on for day wear. I am 18 years of age, and doing a business course."

Your idea of a skirt and separate blouses is a pretty smart idea, because it's a fashion that can be worn for business or pleasure. I have illustrated three designs, and I'm sure your dressmaker will find them sufficiently clear to follow. Have the white rayon crepe made on shirt-waist lines, finished with a double file of gold buttons, convertible collar, and three-quarter sleeves. The striped cotton could be a more feminine design, beruffled at the throat, cuffs, and deep V-yoke. For the coin-spot silk (the material is pretty in itself, so the design can be simple), I like the idea of a turtle



SUMMER blouse styles for coin-spot silk, white crepe, striped cotton.

neck and three-quarter sleeves, the neck and shoulder line outlined with rick-rack braid.

Informal party frock

"**I AM** anxious to make myself a ballerina-length evening dress, but living in a fairly small country town I feel the dress might look out of place and conspicuous for local social events, mostly informal. Please tell me what you think."

I consider a ballerina-length dress would fit perfectly into the social activities of a small community. It's the correct dress for any type of informal after-dark social occasion. The only time it should not be worn is to a formal ball.

Becoming colors

"**CAN** you help me by suggesting colors most flattering for my complexion? I have a pink-and-white skin, light golden-brown hair, and grey eyes. I am very keen to buy a bright red linen suit, but wondered if it would become me."

Bright red is not a good color for your complexion, because it will override all the pastel pinkness of your skin with its brilliance. For your coloring the best shades are sky-blue, shell-pink, lavender, a very dark green, deep blue, grape, dove-grey, dark navy, and black.

Neat bindings

"**MAKING** some lingerie sets for my trousseau, I find I cannot make a really neat binding to finish the tops of slips and nightgowns. I machine on the bias strips, then turn over and hem by hand, just above the first stitching. Is this method correct?"

Your method is quite correct. However, there are other points in achieving a neat bind to consider. Your bind might, for instance, look clumsy because the material you are using is too thick. The neatest binds are done with fine material. Or you might not be cutting the strips of material for binding on the true cross. This would cause a slight wrinkle, especially after the garment had been laundered. The correct method to cut material on the cross is to fold the material so that the selvedge threads are in line with the weft threads.

In-between dress

"**MY** husband and I are young and fond of social life. We do a considerable amount of entertaining in connection with a business firm. Sometimes the men wear dinner-jackets or tails, sometimes just dark suits. When this happens, I feel overdressed in a ball gown, but yet an afternoon dress seems out of place. What do you advise me to wear?"

The answer to your question is an in-between dress—a dress cut longer than street length and shorter than evening length. Have it made in lace, a sheer, or perhaps satin. It could be designed with a strapless top and a wide circular skirt, or it could have a bodice top cut just off the shoulders, tiny sleeves, and all-round pleats in the skirt. It's the perfect dress for cocktails, for dinner, for theatre, for dancing. The only after-dark occasion when it should not be worn is to a ball or other formal function.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"**BETSY.**" — Attractive two-piece pyjama suit. The material is printed rayon satin with a small flower design. The colors are sky, pink, Nile-green, magnolia, and turquoise, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 64/8. Postage 1/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

"**HELENA.**" — Tailored dressing-gown, designed in the new three-quarter length. The material and colors are the same as those featured for the pyjamas.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 55/9. Postage 1/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 41/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 39.

Extracts from a Matron's Case History File



"More than anything else, his quick recovery was a tribute to Benger's"

"After successfully weathering the racking crisis of pneumonia, this patient's strength was at a low ebb. Rich body-building nourishment was what he needed, but his enfeebled digestive system was unable to absorb even the plainest foods."



"In such cases it is almost standard practice to put the patient on Benger's Food. Benger's allows the patient to benefit from the full nourishment of cow's milk, plus the added goodness of Benger's body-building properties, without digestive strain. Variety in the patient's diet may be achieved by serving Benger's in different flavours."



"In a few short weeks Benger's built this patient back to the man he was. You see him now, hale and hearty, ready to try out his new strength. In all my years of nursing I have never seen a quicker recovery—it is indeed a tribute to Benger's."

RECOMMENDED FOR OVER 50 YEARS

At all chemists and stores in three sizes: 2/-, 3/3, 5/10

Both the medical and nursing professions have endorsed Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation for the nourishing of infants, invalids, the aged, and for use in all cases of weak, enfeebled digestions.

BENGER-GEATOSAN PTY. LTD. 330 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

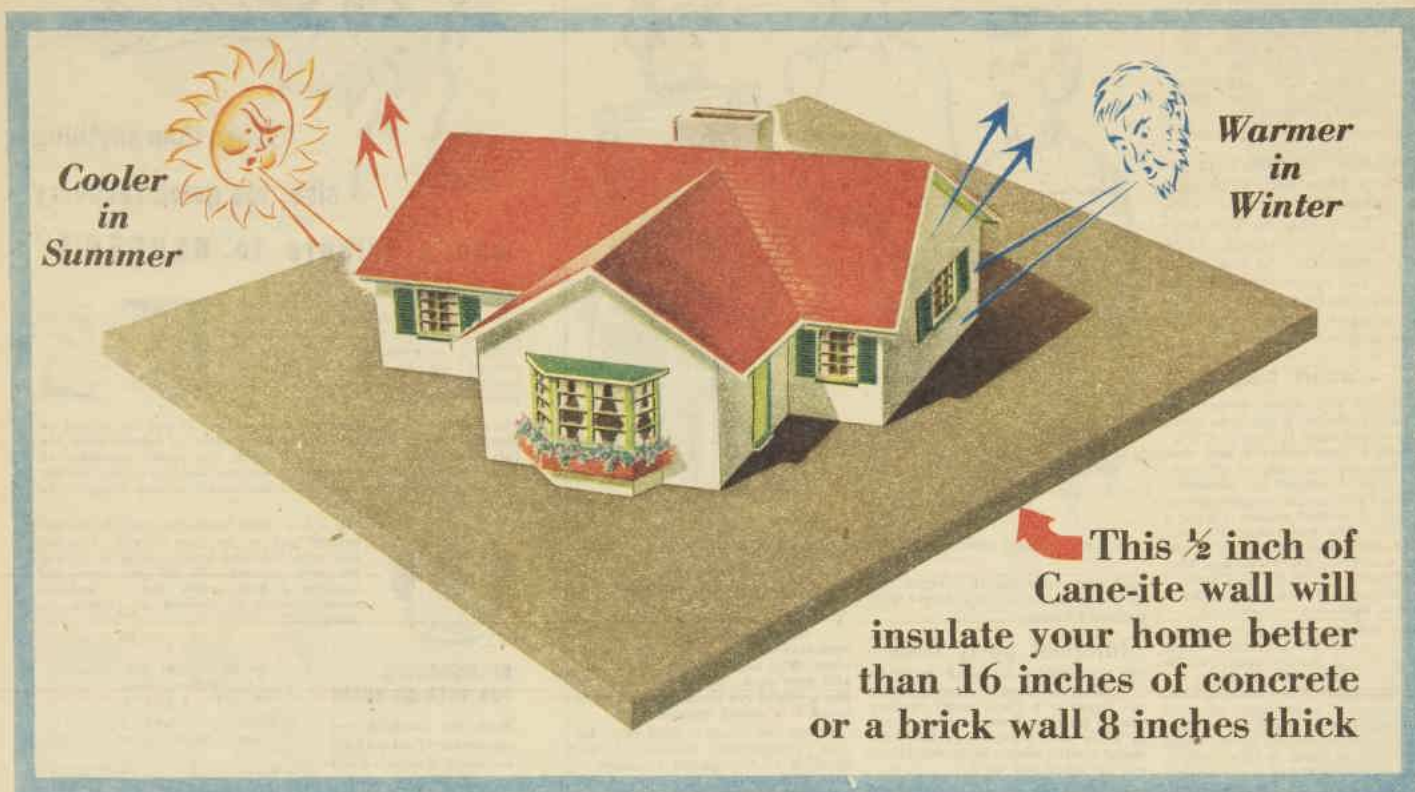


GUARDS THE NATIONS HEALTH

COLDSTREAM
REFRIGERATORS & REFRIGERATION UNITS

Makers of Commercial and Domestic Refrigerators

Insulate with **CANE-ITE**



Even the smallest home can afford this wonderful comfort

*An all-the-year round, even,
healthy temperature*

Cane-ite walls and ceilings deflect cold as they also deflect heat. Cane-ite insulated, your home is warmer on coldest winter days, degrees cooler on hottest summer days.

Cane-ite lends itself to every form of decoration. Enables you to give full scope to your colour sense—paint, kalsomine, dye or stencil right onto Cane-ite's natural suede-like surface.

Cane-ite absorbs sound, too. Your home is quieter, a more pleasant place to live in in every way.

Whether you're planning to build, or planning to modernise your existing home

Insulate and Decorate with—

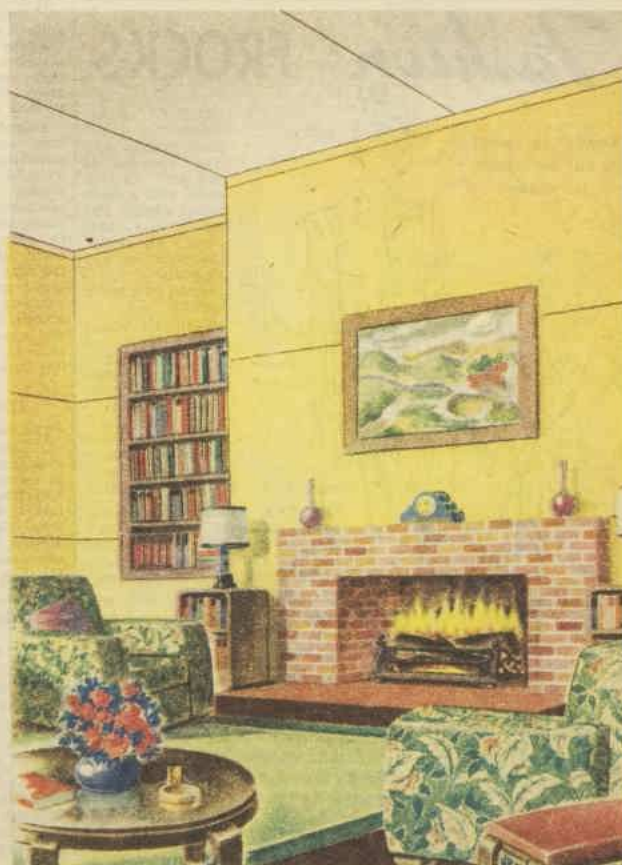
CANE-ITE



WALLS AND CEILINGS

Sold by Hardware Stores and Timber Merchants everywhere

Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division.





Good Brushwork

11d. and 1/4 per tube at all chemists and stores.



RETAIN VIGOR THROUGH INTERNAL CLEANNES

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxima—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better Internal Cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all chemists and stores.

4333



ELMEE
Vitreous
WALL & PEDESTAL HAND BASINS
AVAILABLE ALL RETAILERS IN
VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE COLORS

Unblemished Beauty

• There is no greater beauty asset than a fine flawless skin, but there are times of the year when skin disturbances trouble practically everyone.

FIRST impulse is to cover blemishes on the skin of the face or body, but care must be taken, as what looks like a simple spot may be a much more complicated affair.

Many a spot that bumps up in the morning is just the result of too many rich things to eat. A little attention to diet and rigorous control in the matter of touching it, and it disappears.

Continuance of unwise eating and poor internal functioning will cause more permanent spots. A mild laxative will help to clear these up.

Then, sometimes spots are the result of clogged pores, actually caused by... just dirt. That doesn't sound nice, but hasty showers often leave the back of the neck and shoulders imperfectly washed. Those are places where spots come readily.

Application of an antiseptic is helpful, but any attempt to force a spot to a head can be dangerous. Even make-up may cause infection, as cream and face powder are not antiseptic preparations.

Before we were frank and honest about our beauty problems, women used to wear veils and gossamers to hide superfluous hair on the face.

If there is a growth of hair on the face, it is no use trying to disguise it with make-up; it will still show. It must be removed by one or another of the treatments available nowadays, which go all the way from bleaching (admittedly the oldest known approach to the problem, but often efficient) to special salon methods wherein the hair roots are weeded out.

The point is, neither worry nor self-pity will achieve anything—results are from direct action.

But perhaps the blemish worry is of a different sort!

It may be that a birthmark, mole, or "port wine" mark rather spoils good looks.

A covermark preparation, to which face powder can be matched and blended to conceal a blemish on the face, throat, or hands, is obtainable.

It is a thickish cream, applied quite heavily over the mark and well beyond the edges, and, while it is tacky, powdered over thickly. A little time is required to learn to blend skilfully, but once the knack is developed the mark is well hidden and not noticeable, even in daylight. But, if possible, it is as well to leave such blemishes uncovered.

Moles, we know, should always be handled with caution and never tampered with.

Any treating should be medically supervised, but this same cover-up cream is harmless and efficient for camouflaging smaller ones, though I personally think a smooth little mole on cheek or chin can be attractive left as is.

Tiny warts which sometimes ap-

pear on the skin can sometimes be dissolved by applying a little warmed castor oil nightly.

Turpentine, rubbed into the horny surface once a day for several successive days, often helps banish them, too. Or try moistening the wart and rubbing it with salt every day for about a week.

When they do not respond to any of these suggestions, warts should be removed, if necessary, by a doctor, or upon his advice. He may use an acid for this purpose or suggest electrolysis.

Then there are freckles, and, surprisingly, there are few things that appear to distress the female more.

Those who have them know by now that freckles can be divided into two groups—the lightly scattered type that can be bleached pallid and the determinedly dark and tenacious ones that nothing will budge, but a matched barrier-cosmetic of pancake consistency will often conceal satisfactorily.

An effective bleaching method that is not hard on the delicate skin that often accompanies freckles is to paint fresh lemon juice directly on to the sun dots with a fine brush. A carefully cleaned lip-stick brush would be fine for the job.

After painting the entire area with the juice, allow it to dry on the skin for thirty minutes, then rinse with clear, tepid water and dry by blotting with a soft towel or tissues.

If the skin still has a taut feeling after the lemon brushing, which it is apt to, pat on a dab of face cream. This method is slow, but effective, and, as mentioned previously, kinder to sensitive skin than covering the whole skin area with the bleaching liquid.

For best results it should be used regularly.

Scorched legs, though a different problem, nevertheless come high on the summer camouflage list, but if the mottling has remained until now it is probably a matter of wearing deep tan leg make-up by day while carrying out bleaching and stimulation treatments by night.

Improved circulation helps disperse the redness, so scrub daily with warm, soapy water; in addition, have a chemist make up an ointment of zinc, boracic, and eucalyptus.

Applied thickly and lightly bandaged over at night, this preparation will hasten the fading process to the point where a dab of antiseptic calamine lotion during the day will prevent detection under the sheerest nylons.



Your favourite Skin Lotion for every use . . . !



BOTTLES & TUBES 1/3 & 2/3. EVERYWHERE BOTH GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN PURE OLIVE OIL



★ Polaroid '66' Sunshield.

The season's alluring new design with smart wide-vision single eye-piece. New outdoor colours for sports and street wear. Red, blue, green, or ivory trim.

POLAROID

SUN GLASSES AND SUN SHIELDS

best under the Sun!

Sold by Opticians, Chemists, Sports and General Stores, etc.

Australian Agent:
A. J. DAWSON (PTY.) LTD.,
Crown and Stanley Sts.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

★ Registered Trade Mark of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. Patented in U.S.A., Great Britain and other countries.

★ Polaroid '77' Sunshield.

Streamlined for the active outdoor man. Single plastic eye-piece weighs only half an ounce. In smart demi-auber trim with washed gold frame.



Make your machine an electric model with the **H & S Sewlrite** Electric Motor

The H & S Sewlrite Sewing Machine motor fits any machine . . . you can fit it at home with one single screw. It comprises an electric motor with needle light and foot operated variable speed control. Make your machine an electric model with the H & S Sewlrite £13/5/0 from **HARRISON & SMITH LTD.**
209 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY;
133 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.



—says ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert
Sure thing! Kraft Cheese Salads have what it
takes to put sparkle into hot weather menus—
to perk up lazy summer appetites and
to provide food values which are
essential for well-balanced
meals.

“Make this Kraft Potato Salad Plate”



Kraft Cheese Tastes

Better because it's **BLENDED BETTER**

Every packet of Kraft Cheese has the same delicious blended goodness — and the same creamy smooth texture which makes it such a good companion for any of your favourite salad ingredients.

So always keep plenty of Kraft Cheese handy — and use it every day to make more appetising, more nutritious midsummer meals.

How's this for Food Value?

Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

Economy Note:

It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf at your grocers'.



Listen to "Mary Livingstone, M.D." every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning in all states

KRAFT POTATO SALAD PLATE

Lettuce, 4 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 6 ozs. Kraft Cheese, sliced, 2-3 small tomatoes, sliced, 1 cup shredded raw carrot, 1 small cucumber, thinly sliced, 2 cups cooked diced potatoes, Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing, sprinkling chopped parsley, pepper, salt, radish roses, sprigs watercress or parsley.

Line a flat salad plate with lettuce leaves, and sprinkle with half chopped onion. Arrange slices of Kraft Cheese around edge of plate alternating with tomato slices, then a ribbon of shredded carrot and a circle of thinly sliced cucumber. Mix diced potatoes lightly with Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. Add remaining onion and chopped parsley, season with pepper and salt and pile into centre of dish. Garnish with small lettuce leaves, watercress or parsley sprigs and radish roses. Chill slightly before serving. Serves four.



Stays FRESH in its hygienic foil wrapping

Matron CONNELLY

says:



“**VEGEMITE**
is a food
essential
to good
health.”

“Every Hospital knows the value of delicious Vegemite” says Matron Connelly — and children from the age of six months thrive on this concentrated extract of yeast. They love the tastier flavour of Vegemite too!

TYPICAL VEGEMITE YOUNGSTERS



PETER DUCKWORTH

Peter was one year old on October 25. He is the cheery little son of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth of Kneen St., Nth. Fitzroy, Vic. Mrs. Duckworth says, “Peter started on Vegemite at the age of 6 months when the Infant Welfare Centre recommended it. He's had it every day since and has never tired of it.”



ELIZABETH STOTT

Elizabeth's fourth birthday was on Oct. 2. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Stott, of Brook St., South Brisbane, Qld. Mrs. Stott says: “All the mothers I know give their youngsters Vegemite regularly. Just like Elizabeth, they thoroughly enjoy it and there's no doubt it is good for them.”



MALCOLM DENNETT

A first rate little Australian is Malcolm, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennett, of Eurobin Ave., Manly, N.S.W., and his third birthday was on Sept. 15. Mrs. Dennett says: “Malcolm has Vegemite every day and it has been a big help in keeping him fit and well.”

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



How Holland Cooks

● The attractive dishes pictured on this page were prepared for us under the direction of Mrs. A. J. Zylstra, wife of the former Consul-General for the Netherlands.

THE Dutch housewife is famous for the variety as well as the quantity of good food she serves her family.

Compared with Australian methods of cooking, the traditional dishes of Holland seem rich. But it must be remembered that the colder climate calls for more substantial and heating foods.

The recipes for the main dishes given on this page, however, are not unduly rich and will be found most acceptable to Australian palates.

HOTCHPOT WITH BOILED BRISKET

(This is one of the Dutch traditional dishes.)

Two pounds beef brisket, 3lb. carrots, 3lb. potatoes, 16oz. onions, 1pt. water, salt, pepper, cloves. Wash the meat and place in warm, salted water, bring to boil, and simmer for two hours. Peel and chop the carrots and add with the spices to the stock. In another 1 hour add the peeled potatoes and chopped onions and simmer for another 1 hour till vegetables are tender. Add more water during the process of cooking, if necessary. When the dish is ready, the water should have completely evaporated. Remove the meat from the sauce-

pan, place on a hot dish. Mash all the vegetables with a wooden spoon and place on the dish with the meat. Chicken is sometimes used instead of beef.

TREE TRUNKS (BOEM STOM) DESSERT

Four pieces shortbread, 3in. long, about 1in. wide; 4 jam rollettes, 5oz. table margarine or butter, 2 cups medium-thickness boiled egg custard, 3oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa.

Cream margarine or butter thoroughly with icing sugar. Add custard a little at a time until absorbed. Set aside 1 of mixture, add the cocoa gradually to balance. Place each rollette on to a piece of shortbread which has been spread with jam. Using pipe and bag, pipe tree-trunk shapes over each rollette. Use writing pipe and balance of cream (colored green) to pipe twigs and leaves over tree trunks.

VEAL BIRDS—BLINDE VINKEN

This dish consists of thin slices of veal or beef. Spread each slice with a thin layer of sausage meat and half a bacon rasher. Roll up, tie with coarse thread or fine string. Brown rolls thoroughly in small quantity melted butter or margarine. Drain off any remaining margarine or butter, add sufficient meat or



MRS. ZYLSTRA at the sideboard in the dining-room of her home at Bellevue Hill, Sydney, N.S.W. Focal point of the room is the lovely painting of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

vegetable stock to cover closely, simmer gently 1 hour or until rolls are quite tender. Remove thread or string before serving with any desired vegetables.

HONEY BREAD

Half a nutmeg, 1oz. candied peel, 10oz. soft brown sugar, 8oz. honey, pinch of salt, 1lb. flour, 1oz. bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoonful milk (about).

Grate the nutmeg and chop the candied peel finely. Heat the sugar and honey to boiling point. Add the nutmeg, candied peel and salt, mix and add half of the flour, cool, and when lukewarm add the remainder of the flour sieved with the bicarbonate of soda. Turn the mixture on to a floured board and knead well, adding the milk if required. Roll out to tin thickness and place on a baking-tray, or mould in a special mould and then turn out on to a baking-tray. Leave to stand overnight. Bake for 20 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.). The bread may be marked with a knife while still hot, but it is broken into pieces when required. It will keep well in a not entirely airtight tin. This "sweet" bread is also made in France, where it is called Pain d'épice, and in Belgium, where it is moulded in different shapes according to the town, such as the Couque de Dinant, which has picture of Dinant Castle moulded on it.



CLOSE-UP OF DUTCH DISHES photographed in Mrs. Zylstra's home. At left is a dish of veal birds (blinde vinken); then the Dutch traditional dish, hotchpot with boiled brisket (hutchpot met klapstuk); at lower right can be seen a dish of pretzels (obtainable in most city delicatessens), pumpkinnickel savories (slices of black- or brown-bread spread with butter and cheese); see also boem stom, traditional dessert.



Tea was hardly worth stopping for...

till I tasted Brisk Lipton's!

Surprised? You bet she was — didn't believe there could be a better tea till she tasted that rich, full-bodied Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. They find that Lipton's is better-tasting, more satisfying than the usual "flat" brews.

BRISK? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending. When you've tasted Lipton's satisfying flavour, "brisk" is the word you'll use.

LIPTON TEA
Brisk flavour — NEVER FLAT!

Two delicious spreads for sandwiches and biscuits

SWIFT potted meat and pate-de-foie are treats that you can afford to have every day. Only the very best ingredients are used in these appetizing, nourishing sandwich spreads.

Swift

POTTED MEAT
PATE DE FOIE

GROCER SAM says: Swift products are always good

£2000 Cookery Contest . . .

PROGRESS PRIZES

RESULTS of our £2000 Cookery Contest will be announced shortly.

All measurements level in these progress prize recipes:

ECONOMY NOUGAT TART

Pastry: Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. good shortening, 3 tablespoons water.

Nougat Filling: One ounce margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg-white, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Pastry Case: Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with water. Turn on to floured board, roll to fit 7in. tart-plate. Pinch a frill around edge, prick base well with fork. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes.

Filling: Cream margarine or butter with sugar, syrup, and lemon rind. Work in rolled oats, baking powder, almond essence, and milk. Fill into cooked pastry case. Return to moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric), bake 15 to 20 minutes. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Spread over tart, brown slightly.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. McArthur, Woodland St., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

SAVORY STUFFED PAPAW

One small green papaw, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, salt and pepper to taste, 3 small tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, pinch sage, 1lb. minced cold meat (beef or pork), 1 egg-yolk, lemon.

Peel papaw thinly, cut in halves lengthwise, remove seeds. Peel and chop onion, fry in melted margarine or butter until lightly browned. Add salt, pepper, skinned chopped tomatoes, parsley, breadcrumbs (reserving some for topping), sage, meat. Stir in beaten egg-yolk. Drench papaw with lemon juice, fill each half with meat mixture. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Place on thickly greased dish, cover with greased paper. Bake 40 to 50 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric). Remove paper for last 15 minutes to brown crumbs. Serve hot, with apple sauce.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Goldsworthy, 245 Kelvin Grove Rd., Kelvin Grove, Qld.

DEVON CUPS WITH HOT SALAD

Four rashers bacon, 6 slices luncheon sausage (cut 1in. thick), 1 tablespoon diced onion or shallot, 3 cups diced cooked potato, 1 tablespoon finely diced parboiled red or green pepper (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into dice. Place in cold, dry pan, shake gently over heat until crisp, lift from pan. Leave skin on meat slices, cook in bacon fat until thoroughly heated—edges will curl up, forming cups. Remove from pan; add diced onion, brown lightly. Stir in potato, red or green pepper, bacon, lemon juice or vinegar. Shake pan over heat until all ingredients are hot. Fill into meat cups, serve garnished with parsley.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Weston, 473 Canterbury Rd., Campbell, N.S.W.

NOVELTY HUMPTY-DUMPTY

Cake: Two dessertspoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon honey, 11 cups icing sugar, 1 cup milk, 3oz. margarine or butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons mock cream.

Place cocoa, honey, 1 cup of the icing sugar, and milk into a small basin. Stir over boiling water until smooth and well mixed. Allow to cool. Cream margarine or butter, gradually add balance of icing sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Add vanilla, then sifted flour, salt, and soda. Lastly fold in cooled cocoa mixture. Turn into greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35

minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When cold, join with mock cream; ice and decorate as follows:

Icing: Three ounces margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 3 tablespoons hot water.

Melt margarine or butter, heat until lightly browned. Add honey and vanilla. Stir in half sifted icing sugar, then water, then balance of icing sugar. Stir over low heat until softened to pouring consistency. Pour over cake, smooth with knife dipped in hot water.

Decoration: One egg-white, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 empty egg-shell, red, orange, and green coloring, 1 teaspoon cocoa.

Beat egg-white slightly, gradually add sifted icing sugar until icing holds its shape. Color half brick-red (using orange and red coloring). Color a small portion of balance green; leave some white; beat cocoa into remainder, adding a little milk if necessary to make it soft enough to use with bag and icing pipe.

Using brick-colored icing, pipe lines on sides of cake and half surface of top to represent a brick wall. With chocolate icing mark nose, eyes, and eyebrows on upper half of egg-shell. Coat lower half of shell with chocolate icing. Pipe bow tie and mouth with red icing, collar with green icing. Rest egg-shell on "wall" on top of cake. Pipe arms and legs with chocolate icing. Pipe "Humpty-Dumpty" around top of cake, using white icing.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Coppock, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, S.W.I., Qld.

ORANGE VELVET CAKE

Two-thirds cup margarine or butter, 1½ cups castor sugar, grated rind 1 medium orange and 1 small lemon, 3 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and fruit rinds. Continue beating until very soft and creamy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix orange and lemon juice with water, fold into mixture alternately with sifted flour and salt. Turn into greased 12in. square lamington tin or 2 greased 9in. sandwich-tins. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric), 45 minutes for 1 cake, 35 to 40 minutes for 2 cakes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, top with citrus icing.

Citrus Icing: Mix grated rinds of 1 orange and 1 small lemon. Add 2 tablespoons orange juice, stand aside 5 to 10 minutes, strain. Cream 2 tablespoons margarine or butter until very soft, gradually work in 2½ cups sifted icing sugar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, and sufficient strained orange juice to make an icing of spreading consistency. Spread quickly over cake, sprinkle lightly with very finely shredded candied orange peel.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. O'Brien, 38 Campbell Grove, East Hawthorn, Vic.

SAVORY SAUSAGE DUMPLINGS

Six sausages, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon fat, 6 small tomatoes, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives, 1 sprig basil (if available), salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup milk.

Dumplings: Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine, butter, or good clarified fat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup milk. Roll sausages in flour, prick well. Brown and partly cook in hot fat, drain on kitchen paper. Prepare dumpling mixture. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add parsley, mix to a dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, divide into 6 portions. Mould each portion around a sausage. Place in ovenware dish. Peel and slice tomatoes, place on top of dumplings. Heat milk, with parsley, chives, basil, salt and pepper. Pour over dumplings. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss G. Richardson, 2 Timor St., Warrnambool, Vic.



My family loves that SAVOY Flavour

You haven't tasted real spaghetti or macaroni until you try SAVOY . . . made in the true Continental style . . . fast, tempting, delicious and nutritious. Always ask for SAVOY by name.

SavoY
NUTRIFOODS
MACARONI SPAGHETTI AND OTHERS

The food of 50 dishes

See what you buy. SAVOY products are only sold loose.

SN.48

SAXA
FREE RUNNING
SALT

Drink Habit Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 32 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 26/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Better ways to use the Better Vinegar

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET NOW!

Made from vintage grapes, Seppelts Wine Vinegar brings a new taste thrill to scores of fine foods you can make with ease: learn how simply, from our big new cook book. For your copy send only your name and address to B. Seppelt & Sons, Ltd. Gresham St., Adelaide, South Australia

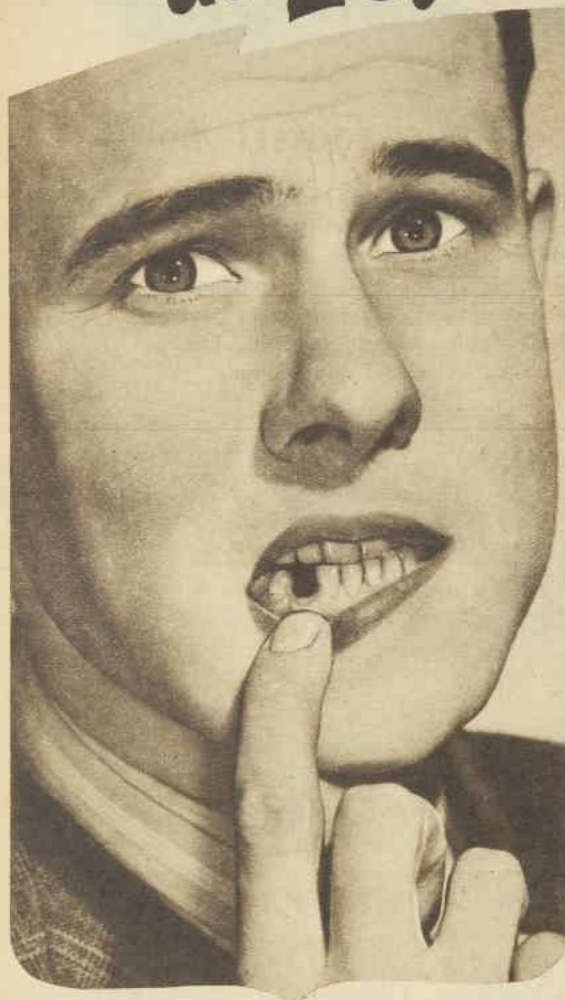


Seppelts
WINE VINEGAR

A PRODUCT OF THE  HOUSE OF SEPELT

THE HOUSE OF SEPELT, ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, FREMANTLE, BROKEN HILL & 88 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

False teeth at 20!



Caused by a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

No toothpaste in the world can prevent some teeth from being doomed. But if you use S.R. Toothpaste you can help guard against bleeding, infected gums — and it's those soft, inflamed gums that lead to needless extractions. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. and help keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTH PASTE

GLIMPSE of drawing-room in the Hans Heysen home at Balhannah, in the Adelaide Hills, South Australia. A Turkestan rug, once the property of actress Emilie Polini, covers the polished floor. Room is beautifully panelled and the red-wood beams came from a nearby village. Beautiful old period pieces, flower studies by Heysen, books, and exquisite bric-a-brac add to the room's furnishing. Curtains, richly patterned in subdued reds and greens, are of heavy linen.



For the gardener . . .

THE gardening apron illustrated at the right is neat and useful. It is specially designed with a large pocket to hold small implements and other odds and ends, and is made of hessian or some other strong material.

Complementary equipment is a home-made trug, or basket, long and wide enough to hold cut flowers, and made with a strong, easy-to-grip handle.

Before you start making up the apron, dye the hessian or an open-out sugar bag the color you want.

You need 2yds. bias binding for neatening and 3yds. of rick-rack braid to make a decorative edging.

Make a paper pattern from the diagram shown on this page. Lay your pattern on the material and cut.

Make a paper pattern for the pocket from the diagram shown and cut this in double material.

Fold waistband in half lengthwise, stitch ends. Turn in raw edges and insert apron; top-stitch. Turn in apron edge 1in. and to right side stitch bias binding over to neaten.

Turn in edges of pocket and tack on to the apron 8in. from the top of the waistband, sloping it across the apron. Stitch into position. Stitch along the fold at top of pocket to stiffen.

Stitch ties at waistband for fastening. Decorate bias binding with rick-rack braid.

Gardening basket

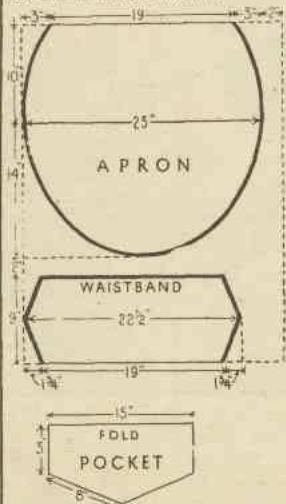
THE attractive gardening basket is made from a strong box with two thick pieces of wood nailed to the base across each end, for legs.

The handle is a piece of pliable hoop iron. Pierce two holes at each end of the strip of metal and screw firmly on to either side of the box.

Bind the handle with soft string to make it more comfortable for carrying. Give the whole box a coat or two of bright enamel to match the color which you have dyed your apron.



THE APRON has a capacious pocket for gardening oddments. Cut flowers can lie down comfortably in the gay and useful home-made basket or trug.



DIAGRAMS to aid in the making of the neat and useful gardening apron.

EYE CARE . . .

YOUR baby or toddler should never face a strong glare of light without some protection, but it is quite a common sight to see babies on beaches, or in push-carts, with no hat with shaded brim for protection.

Such exposure can be the cause of much eye trouble.

Good light and good positions should also be planned for the school-going child, who often suffers from needless eye-strain.

A leaflet giving hints on the care of the eyes and treatment of simple eye troubles can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

Choose healthy corms

GLADIOLUS corms covered with brown, sunken spots or lesions are constantly being forwarded to me for diagnosis. In almost every case the trouble is bacterial scab.

Worst feature of this disease is that seedsmen, particularly large departmental stores, offer corms for sale that are in a highly infectious condition, thus spreading bacterial scab far and wide.

Corms shown in the picture on this page were purchased from a store.

It is a common disease caused by bacterium marginatum, and is easily recognised on corms and cormlets by the yellowish-brown to almost black sunken circular spots which coalesce or run into each other until they resemble large patches.

They are usually accompanied by a gummy substance which, when dry, becomes shiny and brittle. This substance comprises millions of bacterial germs which, when planted with the corms, will contaminate the soil and infect the shoots of new and clean plants.

The trouble also infects Dutch iris bulbs.

When growing gladiolus corms are affected by this disease it can sometimes be recognised by rusty spots on the foliage. In severe outbreaks the plants become girdled and topple over.

Gardeners therefore are advised not to buy gladiolus corms showing these brown spots, for once introduced into the garden the millions of germs of the bacteria are released and may persist in the soil for years.

When the disease has eaten deeply into the corms, as in the case of the two top pictures on left and right, no dipping or soaking will cure the trouble.

Control measures are not easy for the novice, as the chemical recommended, calomel, is very expensive. The method of dipping in calomel consists of dissolving 1oz. in 1½ pints of water. Corms should be dipped for 5 to 10 minutes, keeping the mixture agitated during the process.

Several batches of corms can be treated in the mixture, which has no adverse effect on corms that have already sprouted. Corms should then be dried and stored until planting time. All old foliage trash should be burned after removal from infected corms.—Our Home Gardener.

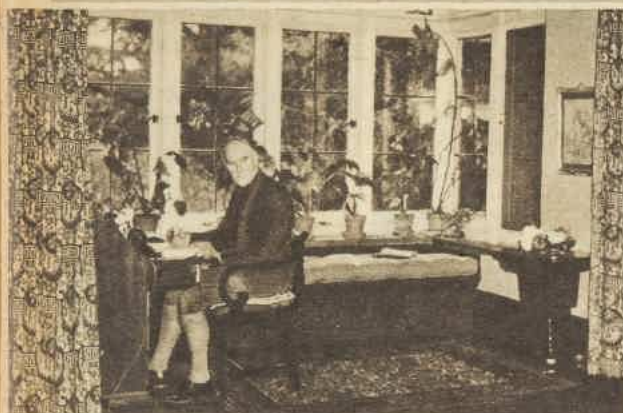


DON'T BUY gladiolus corms like these! All shown have brown, sunken spots of scab disease, which is highly infectious.



DINING - ROOM in the Hans Heyesen home is shown (left). Here scores of celebrities have, from time to time, dined with the family. Dame Nellie Melba used to sing from the dais at back, where the grand piano stands. Acoustics are excellent because of a cellar underneath this section.

Glimpses of famous artist's home



HANS HEYSEN, famous artist, seated at desk in sunny alcove leading off the drawing-room. On the wide window-ledge are pot plants. Flower pictures by the artist decorate walls; beautiful rug covers the floor.



VIEW of the Heyesen home at Balhannah, in the Adelaide Hills, set in several acres of arable land and surrounded by trees, shrubs, and gardens. The roof is of corrugated iron, painted white.

By EYE GYE, Our Homemaking Editor

OLD and mellowed by time, the home of Hans Heyesen and Mrs. Heyesen, at Balhannah, in the Adelaide Hills, is a true centre of hospitality.

Celebrities who visit Adelaide are generally entertained there, and all are graciously welcomed.

The property is to an extent self-supporting. The Heysens grow their own fruit and vegetables, and they have a model dairy, where they make their own butter and cheese.

Mrs. Heyesen also makes her own jam and bread, the latter deliciously flavoured.

Imagine sitting down to a morning tea of home-made berry jam, feather-light scones, wafers of home-made bread, tea-cake, butter, and bowls of thick, heavy cream. I did!

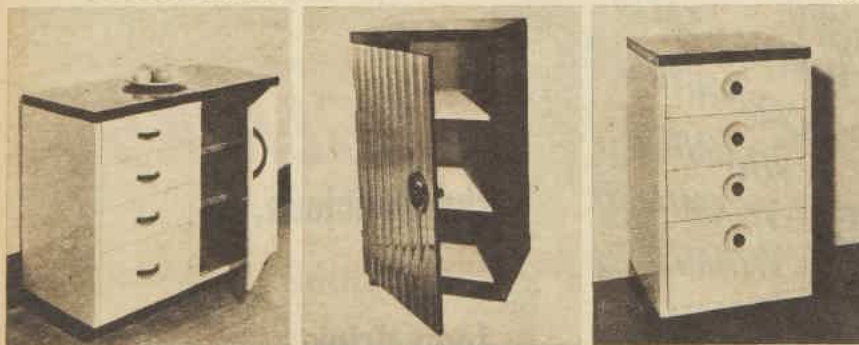
The rooms are spacious and most comfortable. Rare and beautiful rugs strewn the polished floors—collecting rugs is a hobby of Hans Heyesen.

Over the mantelpiece in the dining-room is one of the painter's masterpieces—a composition of fruit and flowers—a gift to his wife. Years ago, when Pavlova visited the Heysens, she took a fancy to this painting, and asked for it. Mr. Heyesen compromised by sending her another, but months later it came back from London, with the plea that her favorite be sent instead. But the picture still hangs above the fireplace, as it did 30-odd years ago.

Melba was a frequent visitor and delighted family and friends by singing from the dais at the end of the room.

Recent visitors were Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier and other members of the Old Vic company, who were all charmed by the home and the Heysens' hospitality.

The studio is a few minutes' walk from the homestead. Constructed of stone and brick, it was originally a barn. The only change in its architecture is a south wall of glass.



THESE UNIT FITMENTS for the modern kitchen were shown at the recent British Industries Fair in London. The double unit (left), with shelves and sets of drawers, is of aluminium sprayed with plastic. Tops are of moulded plastic. The unit shown centre is believed to be the largest moulding in plastic produced for kitchen needs. It is hoped that Australian homemakers will soon be able to buy similar easy-to-clean units.



TO MAKE THE MOST OF LUNCH

Fresh, golden mustard with its clean, savoury tang is one of the secrets of good sandwich-making. Ham needs mustard; so does fish, and meat of any kind. . . . Keen's Mustard with its excellent flavour.

ask for
**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**

K9/128

Has YOUR Electric Cleaner these Important Features?

1. **Cleaning Tools** that fit instantaneously—no need to stop motor.
2. **Carpet Adjustment**—that automatically sets cleaner right for carpets of any thickness.
3. **Agitator**—that BEATS (on a cushion of air) . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans.
4. **Handy Cleaning Kit**—tools always at hand when you are cleaning.

If your cleaner lacks these features it is out-of-date and, by modern standards, hopelessly inefficient. Order one of the latest Hoover Cleaners with all these features and many others. Your Authorised Hoover Retailer can give you immediate delivery.

Model 375: Complete with accessories for all above-floor cleaning.

MADE IN ENGLAND

The
HOOVER
Junior

HOOVER (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., 40 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY



POST-WAR
HOOVER
CLEANERS
—quality
higher than
ever before

UGLY HAIR ENDED IN 3 MINUTES

1. Apply Veet Cream straight from the tube.
2. After 3 minutes wash off. Not a trace of hair remains.
3. Skin is soft and smooth as if no ugly hair ever existed.

This is what Veet Cream will do for you. It removes every trace of hair in three minutes. Skin is left velvety, smooth and white. No stubble or shadow shows. This dainty white cream gently dissolves away the hair below the skin surface. It actually weakens, and thus checks new growth. Get a tube of Veet Cream to-day. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Veet Cream is available at all chemists—2/9 a tube.



VEET
Cream

Distributors: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty. Ltd.
Box 2949, G.P.O., Sydney. V.J.3

Star of "Australia's Amateur Hour"

DICK FAIR

and his lovely daughter
agree:

*"You can't beat HORLICKS
for flavour
and nourishment!"*

Here you see Dick with his ten-year-old daughter Pieta — both enjoying their Horlicks. Dick Fair wouldn't miss his cup of Horlicks before bed. He says it helps him to sleep well and gives him new energy for each day. Pieta also is a great believer in Horlicks. She says: "I just adore that Horlicks flavour!"



When you sit back and enjoy "Australia's Amateur Hour" you probably don't realise how much work and organisation goes on behind the scenes. "My week takes a lot out of me," says Dick Fair, "but Horlicks helps me keep right on top. Horlicks gives me extra energy — when I need it most. You'll always find Horlicks in our home."

How would you like to travel 10,000 miles every year! That's what Dick Fair does with "Australia's Amateur Hour"—Australia's favourite radio programme.

On top of that, auditions, rehearsals and weekly performances all take a lot out of Dick. Do you wonder he needs the extra energy Horlicks gives? "When I feel I am slowing down, I have a Horlicks," says Dick. "I find it the most nourishing food drink of all."

NATURE'S FLAVOUR

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is nature's flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up... nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks.

HORLICKS AND 'NIGHT STARVATION'

If you wake tired, feel run-down and "nervy" then you need Horlicks to guard against 'Night Starvation'. Horlicks replaces energy lost during the day and while you sleep — builds up new reserves within you. After Horlicks you wake refreshed — ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against 'Night Starvation'. Always ask for Horlicks.

PROTEIN
MINERAL SALTS
CARBOHYDRATES
VITAMIN A
VITAMIN B1
VITAMIN B2
VITAMIN D
CALCIUM



* When mixed as directed

Ask for

HORLICKS

the delicious,
NOURISHING
food drink



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1104.—ROSE SUPPER SET

Good quality Irish linen in white or cream and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, or green are the materials used in the set, and the design is clearly traced.

Sizes: Cloth, 36in. x 36in., price 12/11 each; serviettes, 11in. x 11in., price 1/3 each; d'oyles, 8in. x 8in., price 1/- each. Postage 1/6 extra. The complete set comprises 1 cloth, 4 serviettes, and 2 d'oyles. Price 19/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 1105.—SET OF TEA TOWELS

Cream Irish linen or good quality white huckaback is the material, and the design is clearly traced. Sizes: Irish linen, 27in. x 32in., 5/3 each, or set of seven towels, 34/11. Huckaback, 18in. x 32in., 3/11 each, or set of seven towels, 25/9. Postage 4d. extra for each; 1/9 extra postage for set.

No. 1106.—ROSE DUCHESSE SET

The design is clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality Irish linen in pastel-blue, pink, lemon, or green.

Sizes: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in., and the smaller mats, 8in. x 8in. Price 6/11 complete set. Postage 4d. extra.

● PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1104 and 1106, make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions (these prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

F5293.—One-piece with high round neck, cap sleeves, and a gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5294.—Afternoon dress has a deep square décolletage outlined by a soft collar, tiny waisted waist, and fullness in the skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5295.—Deep slashed neckline and a skirt styled in gathered sections combine for a pretty summertime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5296.—Child's sundress, matching pants. Sizes 20in. (2 years), 21in. (4 years), 22in. (6 years). Requires 1yds. 36in. material. Price 1/6.

F5297.—Shorts and shirt in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1yd. 36in. material for shorts, 2yds. 36in. material for shirt. Price 1/11.

F5298.—Swimsuit and easy-to-make beach bag. Swimsuit in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1yds. 36in. material for swimsuit, and 1yd. 36in. material for beach bag. Price, complete, 2/4.

Fashion PATTERNS



lock yourself in his heart

with both hands



Hold out lovely, soft hands, hands to invite his glad surrender, hands protected with creamy, beautifying Hinds now specially enriched with lanolin.

Hinds
Honey and Almond
cream
Two handy sizes—everywhere
H.A.4

Full of energy... thanks to ENO!



Full enjoyment of life depends on a good deal on the effective elimination of the body's waste. So take Eno's "Fruit Salt" regularly. Eno will keep your system free from poisons that rob you of energy and vigour.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
REFRESHING... AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH



CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

NEED A CHANGE?

Feel at the end of your tether? Can't go on? Every little thing is getting you down? The only thing is a complete change, but you can't have it?—then try WINGARNIS, the marvelous tonic that tones up your whole system, strengthens your nerves and makes everything bright again. WINGARNIS is a blend of choice selected wines with nourishing ingredients and special fortifying elements, rich in essentials for the good health and energy you envy so much in others. Many thousands of recommendations by medical men prove how effective WINGARNIS is for getting tired, worried men and women back to vital buoyant health. Ask your Chemist for WINGARNIS... the Wine of Life.

Nf
059.4
AUS

Delicious ready-to-serve whole wheat!



Shopping for sunnier, happier breakfasts? Then ask your grocer for WEETBIX Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits! As crisp and crunchy as the morning toast they're rich in all the vital food elements of freshly harvested grain . . . deliciously sweetened and flavoured with energy-rich malt . . . and come to your table perfectly cooked ready for instant serving. You just add milk and sugar! Or try them split, buttered and spread with Marmite or honey for a change. Obtainable from all grocers.



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA
11 MAR 1991

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 30, 1948